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Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

The Turkish Yataghan

a short story by

SAX ROHMER

JAN. 2, 1932

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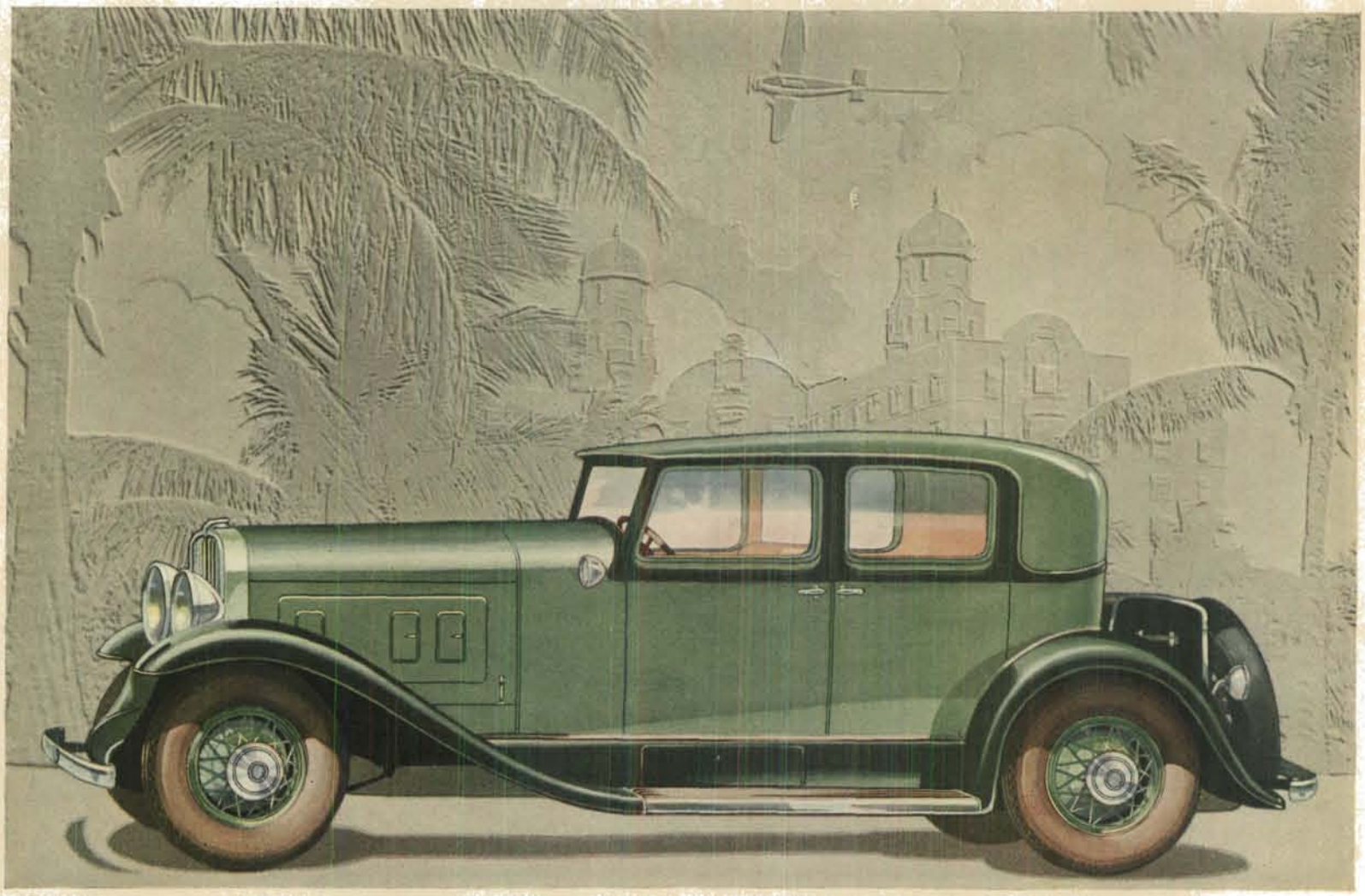

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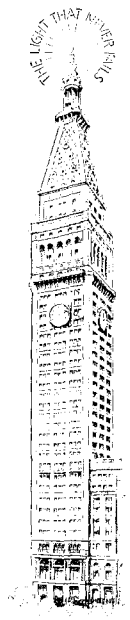

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"Unless you are prepared to make a cash settlement fully equalling the value of a deceased partner's share of the business, the survivors may be compelled to liquidate the assets of the firm by selling out the business at the best price obtainable.

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Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Next Week

FOR a matter of maybe fifteen years or more, as Damon Runyon tells it, "Little Yid and Blind Benny are pals, and this is considered a very good thing for Benny because he is as blind as a bat, and maybe blinder, while Yid can see as good as anybody, and sometimes better.

"So Little Yid does the seeing for Benny, explaining in his own way to Benny just what he sees, such as a horse race or a baseball game or a prize fight or anything else, and up to the time this doll Mary Marble comes into their lives they are as happy as two pups in a basket."

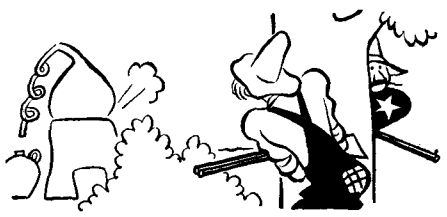
An idyll of perfect friendship, you see, which breaks into melodrama shortly after the entrance of the doll, Mary Marble.

We have always been a believer in the theory that into each life a little rain must fall. On Broadway, however, as you will learn from Mr. Runyon's new story, "For a Pal," the precipitation is almost constant.

—

WHEN you finish William G. Shepherd's article, "What Good is Money in the Sock?" you will have soaked up a great deal of information about the paper and metal you exchange for groceries.

What is money? What gives it its value? Why does that value fluctuate? Is it wise to hoard cash? Mr. Shepherd took these questions to Professor E. W. Kemmerer of Princeton, who has been called in by a dozen nations to solve their financial difficulties, or to establish systems of currency. His answers will tell you all you want to know about money except how to make it. We didn't ask him that.



EVEN before nation-wide prohibition came to us, the moonshiner, shy and retiring, had his troubles. "Them revenooers." Now his life is doubly difficult, but it is profitable and his kind persist and thrive on little islands and in the thickets along the Mississippi. Harris Dickson of Vicksburg has kept in touch with the river-life man and boy these many years, and tells the story of their adventurous, hardy life exactly as he heard it from the lips of old Gray Simon in "Moonshine on the Mississippi."

—

NOBODY in Gloucester gets excited over stories of hard fishing trips, least of all the fishermen themselves. They get more kick reading about a fight between a couple of ham-and-egg palookas in a Boston ring than about the hardest fishing trip that ever was made. But no matter how they think of themselves, if at all, we who aren't Gloucestermen regard them as heroic adventurers. So lash yourself to a chair and defy wind and wave as you read James B. Connolly's yarn, "Like a Gloucesterman."

—

ESSAD BEY, John B. Kennedy, Duncan Norton-Taylor, Hugh MacNair Kahler, Alan LeMay, Freling Foster, Grantland Rice make up an issue as varied in good things as we hope your new year will be.

THIS WEEK

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THE BEST IS YET TO COME.
THE GOOD OLD DAYS.

Any Week

"DO YOU think," inquires Miss Mary M. Cambie of Duluth, Minnesota, "that it would do any good to boost the tariff on European statesmen? I do not wonder that Mr. Hoover may be a little perplexed about conditions out our way. Every time he gets a few days to study home problems, another minister of foreign affairs arrives from Europe to break his heart. I am in favor of a parade of Minnesota, Iowa, Nebraska and so forth pleaders to the White House. Or would they be allowed in?"

—

MR. JOEL B. SALAMON of Oklahoma City advises us that "you couldn't chuck a brick in any direction in Oklahoma without hitting somebody who wants Alfalfa Bill Murray for President.

"All I have to say," concludes Mr. Salamon, "is that I hope they get him."

—

BUT here's something we can understand. Mr. Nat Hoggatt of Vicksburg, Mississippi, comes out advocating limitation of wealth to one million dollars per individual. "It is better," writes he, "that 100 individuals own $1,000,000 each than for one person to own $100,000,000 and 99 others be penniless."

—

NOT long ago there appeared in this column a letter from a gentleman in Geneva, New York, asking our consideration of the apparent inability of the Hobart College football team to win a game. On the day following that publication Hobart broke a three-year precedent and walloped Rochester. We've had several protests from Hobart men, a particularly hot one from Mr. Tom Johnson of the Hobart Public Relations Council. But, suppose we hadn't called the attention of the Hobart boys to their oversight?

SOMEHOW our sympathy is with the social worker in Westchester County, New York, who was rung up by a lady who said that she was very eager to do her Christmas bit by having two orphans to dinner.

"But," said the lady, "they must be pure Americans, clean, well-dressed and have good manners. Also they must be examined by your doctor to be sure they will not make any of us sick and I want them to be cheerful but a little shy so that they will not be fresh or presumptuous. The reason I am so particular is that I am willing to have them eat at the table with us."

"Then," said the tired young social worker, "it wouldn't be necessary for them to bring their own dinner, too, would it?"

—

MR. ARDEN SLAY of Hattiesburg, Mississippi, fails to see logic in our government's protest against "forced labor in Russia." He wants to know whether "forced labor is so much worse than forced idleness."

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Blinders... *because she Shies* At New Ideas

FLYING MACHINES, horseless carriages—they had their skeptics. Every new idea, every great advance, does. Electrolux is no exception.

We don't mind that. For though Electrolux is four years old, has enjoyed a phenomenal success and is today in hundreds of thousands of homes, it is still the new idea, the big radical improvement in automatic refrigerators.

All we ask is that you go and see Electrolux with your eyes wide open. Judge the facts first hand.

You will find that Electrolux not only freezes ice cubes quickly and provides perfect constant cold always, but does this without sound, without machinery and at much less cost than any other refrigerator.

Is it any wonder that Electrolux sales in 1931 were far ahead of 1930?

You certainly owe it to yourself to see this remarkable refrigerator that has so greatly changed the old order of things. It is on display at the showroom of your gas company.

And if you'd like complete information by mail, write to us direct for free literature. Electrolux Refrigerator Sales, Inc., Evansville, Indiana.

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THE *Gas* REFRIGERATOR

THE OLD ORDER CHANGETH—*a tiny gas flame takes the place of all moving parts.*

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A set of new RCA Radiotrons will make BING CROSBY again

Day by day as your tubes grow weaker, tone and volume grow poorer—fainter. How much of radio's sparkling entertainment are *you* missing? Have your tubes tested today!

• • •

"MY radio sounds all right!" What a lot of people *say* that—and *believe* it, too. And yet—because of worn-out tubes—right at this very moment, 8 out of 10 radios are giving but a small *fraction* of the enjoyment that they *could* give with a set of new RCA Radiotrons.

It's not easy to know when played-out tubes are cheating you. The loss of volume, tone and sensitivity is so very *gradual* from day to day, that your ears can scarcely detect the increasing failure in your radio reception.

But you'll hear the difference when a set of brand new Radiotrons goes to work! New sparkle, new brilliance, new volume, new LIFE—you'll hear the *real* Paul Whiteman, the *real* Kate Smith, the *real* Rudy Vallee, the *real* Bing Crosby. Since the prices of RCA Radiotrons are now so *very* low, why postpone your pleasure another day?

RCA RADIOTRON COMPANY, *Inc., Harrison,* N. J.
A Radio Corporation of America Subsidiary

Hear the *real* BING CROSBY

Bing! Radio's latest find—have you heard him? Smouldering torch songs burst into *flame* when they are "baritoned by Bing." But if your tubes are old and haggard, Bing's passionate ballads are too hot for them to handle. All Bing's fire goes up in smoke. Give yourself and Bing a break! Have your tubes tested *today.*

BEWARE . . . of worn-out tubes!

Worn-out tubes are *thieves* of the radio enjoyment that belongs to you. For *safety's* sake, have your dealer put your tubes through the "third degree." *All* tubes should be tested at least once a year. Have *yours* been tested since New Year's Day, 1931?

RCA Radiotrons

The heart of your radio

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The Turkish Yataghan

Wherein the slumbering passions of London's Chinatown flame forth in this strange tale of murder

By Sax Rohmer

ECHOING dully between sordid houses of a narrow water-front street, it reached my ears unmistakably again—the sound of heavy, stumbling footsteps.

"Still behind us!" I commented, glancing at my companion.

He nodded, but made no reply.

Lured, I suppose, by that sad siren who calls men in afteryears back to the battlefields where they have suffered, I was revisiting London's Chinatown—a district of unpleasant memories.

"It's been cleaned up now and made suitable for char-à-banc parties, Greville," my friend had said. "They run bus tours now on the New York plan, and send shivers up the tourists' spines with tales of opium and white slavery."

We were bound for a house of entertainment which formed a rallying point for these tours. It was still called the Blue Lamp, its former title; but whereas the old Blue Lamp had been headquarters of one of the tongs, and meeting place of a dangerous Asiatic group, the modern establishment was a show place, pure and simple.

We turned right, away from the river, and then left into a narrow alleyway. A dim blue lantern beckoned. And as we entered the passage, clearly, behind us, I heard again that *tap—tap—tap* of dragging footsteps, and then, directly:

"Hi, mate!" came a hoarse voice.

My friend and I stopped, together, and turned. A rough-looking seafarer who walked with a slight limp, which accounted for the dragging sound of his steps, stood before us.

"Well!" my friend rapped sharply. "What is it?"

"Excuse me, Captain," said the fellow in a bleary voice. "You're commander of the Rajput, ain't yer?"

"No, I'm not! What d'you want?"

THE man stared vacantly for a moment; then he directed a drunken, but suddenly calculating, look upon me.

"Well, if you ain't orf of the Rajput, I don't know who you are. But I reckon one of yer might like to buy this 'ere."

Whereupon he pulled from a pocket of his dilapidated coat a large dagger having a curiously curved blade, the hilt encrusted with what may have been precious stones.

My friend weighed the weapon in his palm, glancing at it reflectively.

"Let's move along to the lamp, and have a closer inspection."

"No need for that, gov'nor," the vender broke in thickly. "It's a bloody bargain at five quid—an' five quid's what I'm askin'."

"Very likely," my companion returned dryly, and stepped under the blue lamp. Following a short examination:

"You're quite right, my man," he said; "it would be a bargain at a fiver. Have you any money on you, Greville?"

"Certainly," I answered, surprised, "two pounds or so."

"Then give our friend ten shillings—that should buy him as much more beer as he can hold; and," turning to the seaman, "take care of this thing," handing back the knife, "and come to see me in the morning. Where did you get it, by the way?"

"Ho!" said the man. "I see! You think I pinched it? Well, you're right—I did! I'm a fireman, see, gov'nor, on the Starry North. Orf of Suez one o' the crew—a bloody Chink—tries to knife me with this bloody thing—but I laid 'im out—see?—an' pinched it. That's where I got it. Comin' ashore tonight, I 'as me pocket picked! An' if ever I see that bloody Chink—"

"Here you are," said I, interrupting his rambling narrative and thrusting a ten-shilling note into his hand.

"If you will call at New Scotland Yard in the morning," added my friend distinctly, "and ask for me—"

"Scotland Yard!" cried the other hoarsely. "Gor' blimey! Not bloody likely! Thanks for the ten bob, mate, but I steers clear o' the cops!"

As he turned away:

"Do you think the thing's genuine?" I asked. "Are the jewels real?"

"No need for that, gov'nor," the vender broke in thickly. "It's a bargain at five quid—an' five quid's what I'm askin'"

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"Undoubtedly, Greville!—the blade is very good Damascus. Apart from which, there are anything up to a hundred pounds' worth of gems in the hilt. A Turkish yataghan; and except in the Seraglio Palace at Stamboul, I have never seen one like it."

"Then why did you let it slip?"

He turned in the very act of pushing open a door which gave access to the Blue Lamp. I detected his smile in the dim light.

"Because it's contrary to my private principles to deal in stolen property," he replied; "and officially I'm off duty!"

THE Blue Lamp was not inspiring. It was comparatively empty when we entered. A group of Chinamen played fan-tan at a table in a little recess, but I gathered that these were supers employed by the management to lend local color. There were one or two nondescripts of doubtful nationality; and a half-caste girl with no particular claims to beauty acted as waitress.

"No sign of the proprietor, the famous Jo Chang," said my companion as we sat down and ordered drinks. "But Mrs. Chang is the star feature. She, also, seems to be absent, however."

"She acts as hostess, I suppose?"

"Yes. In a full-blown way, she's a pretty woman. Welsh, I think, from Cardiff, but she affects semi-oriental costumes, being a dark type, and makes a pronounced hit with the char-à-banc parties. . . ."

We lighted our pipes and lingered on, chatting about what had been, until, glancing at my wrist watch:

"We seem to have drawn a blank?" I suggested.

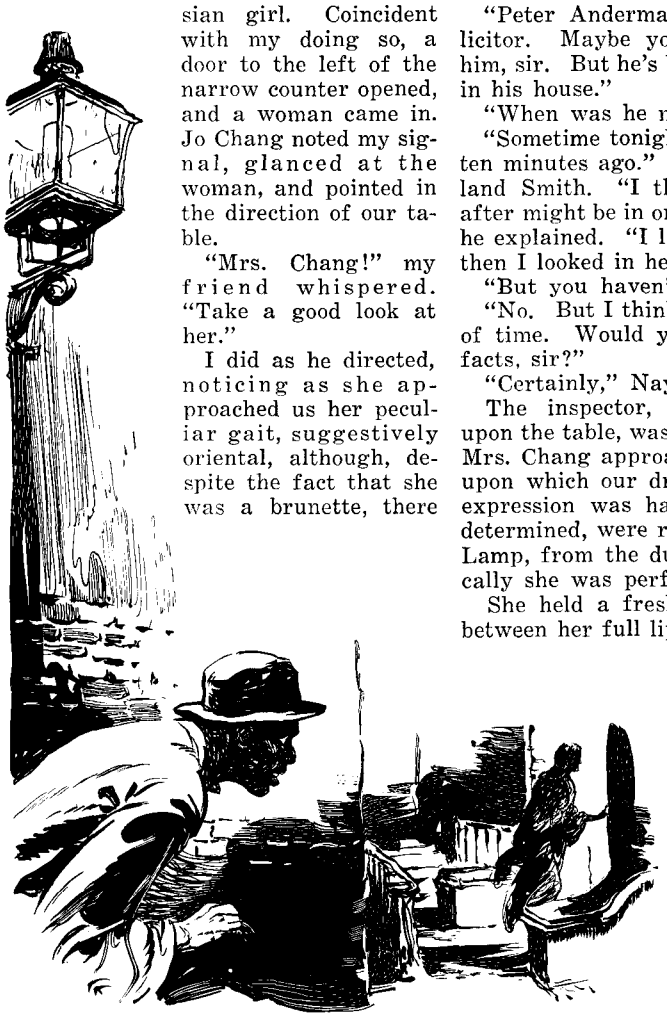
"Yes," my friend agreed, "but you should really have a glimpse of Madame who, in her way, is unique."

"In that case, we shall have to order another drink."

At which moment a stocky, middle-aged Cantonese, with a face wooden as that of a carven joss, appeared mysteriously behind the short counter.

"Hullo!" said my friend—"there's Jo Chang."

I snapped my fingers to attract the attention of the Eurasian girl. Coincident with my doing so, a door to the left of the narrow counter opened, and a woman came in. Jo Chang noted my signal, glanced at the woman, and pointed in the direction of our table.



"Mrs. Chang!" my friend whispered. "Take a good look at her."

I did as he directed, noticing as she approached us her peculiar gait, suggestively oriental, although, despite the fact that she was a brunette, there was palpably no Eastern blood there. She wore a close-fitting black silk frock, rather short, and red, high-heeled shoes. Her legs were bare. Her figure had once been beautiful and now, although somewhat heavy, she remained graceful. She had fine dark eyes, but her complexion, as I noted when she drew near, was coarse. She was smoking a cigarette, which she extinguished in a cheap ash tray on the table.

"What do you boys want?" she asked.

I gave the order and the woman turned away to execute it. I glanced at my companion, and found him staring intently towards the other end of the café.

Looking in the same direction, I noticed a man standing in an open doorway. For a moment I raked in the lumber-room of memory—and then identified him. He was Detective-Inspector Yale, whom I had met in London two years before, and he was returning my friend's stare with a queer mixture of embarrassment and amazement.

A rapid signal was exchanged and the Scotland Yard man immediately came forward, threading his way among the tables.

"I didn't know if I ought to recognize you or not, sir!" he declared to my companion.

"Officially—not," was the reply. "But, unofficially, join us! You remember Mr. Greville?"

The inspector seized my hand in a mighty grip.

"Remember him, Sir Denis!" he said, drawing up a chair. "I'm not likely to forget him! When I saw you here together, I could hardly trust my eyes."

IT WAS certainly a curious situation which, had the advertised pretensions of the place been supported by fact, must have been an awkward one for the proprietor. For my friend and guide was no less an official than Sir Denis Nayland Smith, assistant commissioner of police!

"Odd you should be here, Inspector," Smith said. "Is it the Wapping job?"

"No. Murder!"

"What!"

"Peter Anderman, the Eurasian solicitor. Maybe you haven't heard of him, sir. But he's been found murdered in his house."

"When was he murdered?"

"Sometime tonight. I left there only ten minutes ago." He glanced at Nayland Smith. "I thought the man I'm after might be in one of the local pubs!" he explained. "I looked in at two, and then I looked in here."

"But you haven't found him?"

"No. But I think it's only a question of time. Would you care to hear the facts, sir?"

"Certainly," Nayland Smith replied.

The inspector, resting his elbows upon the table, was about to begin when Mrs. Chang approached us with a tray upon which our drinks were set. Her expression was hard; her thoughts, I determined, were remote from the Blue Lamp, from the duties which mechanically she was performing.

She held a freshly lighted cigarette between her full lips which, in contrast to the pallor of her skin, resembled a red scar. Yale glanced at her for a moment as she set the drinks upon the table, but declined my suggestion that he should have one himself; and when the woman had retired:

"It's this way, gentlemen," he went on: "Peter Anderman was a half-caste lawyer with a big practice in these parts. His house is a sort of survival. It's Georgian, I'm told, and even boasts a bit of a garden at the back. I'd never been in before tonight. But I found quite a museum of queer things, which I might have expected, as I knew that Anderman was a collector."

"What of?" Nayland Smith jerked.

"Eastern curios and so forth. Well, an old man called Michael ran the place. Peter Anderman was a bachelor. Michael is some kind of a Levantine who's been with Anderman for twenty years. I have Michael's evidence; and I don't think he knows any more about the matter."

"What does he say?" jerked Nayland Smith, beginning to refill his pipe.

"He rang up Limehouse tonight while I was there. He'd seen a man going out of the gate a few minutes before, and I have this man's description. Michael seems to have been used to people coming and going mysteriously, so this didn't alarm him at the time.

"It appears he was reading in his own room, when he heard high words in the office below. He came and looked out of a window just in time to spot this man, who was cursing and swearing, go across the grass and out through the gate. Michael returned to his newspaper. At ten o'clock he went down to report that he was turning in and to take final orders. He banged on Anderman's door but could get no reply. The door was locked. He slipped out, walked around the house and looked in through the French windows. A few minutes afterwards, I went and looked in, too. . . ."

He paused, bending forward across the table. Mrs. Chang had seated herself at a piano and Matâri was about to dance. . . .

"At which point, sir—" the Scotland Yard man laughed uneasily—"I began to find myself stuck—"

"What!" I interrupted. "But I thought you had a description of the wanted man, and had been looking for him in local pubs?"

"I had, Mr. Greville," said the detective grimly. "Half a dozen K Division fellows are on the job as well. I mean to find that man. Because what I saw wants a lot of explaining."

"How so?" Nayland Smith queried.

"Well, Peter Anderman was lying on the carpet, stabbed to the heart. And right beside him I found a jeweled dagger."

"A jeweled dagger!" I echoed.

"EXACTLY, sir. A wicked-looking thing, with a wavy blade."

"Good God!" Nayland Smith exclaimed. "You hear that, Greville?"

"I do!"

"Nothing could be clearer," Smith continued. "Find the owner of the dagger—whom I rather fancy I know—"

"What's that, sir! You *know* him?"

"I believe so. But, find this man, and your case is ended. Simple enough?"

"Not so simple at all!" Yale declared. "Because, here's the puzzling thing . . . there's no trace of blood on the blade!"

We arrived at the house ahead of the divisional surgeon, and saw, excepting the presence of a plain-clothes man posted in the room, exactly what Detective-Inspector Yale had seen.

The man on duty sprang forward at the sight of Nayland Smith.

"All right, Hill," said the inspector. "Stand clear. We want a view of the room."

Neither Nayland Smith nor I spoke, for we were both staring at something which lay upon the thick carpet, some ten or twelve feet from where we stood.

It was the figure of a man, a heavily built man, wearing a dark lounge suit, prone, his face twisted towards us; one clenched fist shot straightly out before him as though he had died in the act of striking a blow. His left arm was doubled gruesomely under his body, and the carpet, which was amber yellow, was dreadfully stained all about him. Fully six feet to the right of the stained patch a jeweled dagger gleamed in the purple light cast by one of the shaded lanterns hung from the ceiling, the stones in its hilt glittering evilly.

"Nothing has been moved," said Yale in a low voice. "This is just as I found it. I picked up the dagger by the blade and laid it down again."

Nayland Smith glanced at me in the dim light.

"The Turkish yataghan," he said, "beyond a doubt."

WHEN, following an informal dinner at his flat, he had agreed to act as my guide to Chinatown at my own request, I had counted on an unusual evening, for Sir Denis Nayland Smith was an unusual man. But I had never anticipated that I should see him at work in his own inimitable way—see him as I saw him now, clear-eyed, keen, alert—the man who twice had stood between civilization and destruction—chaos; employing his peculiar genius upon this local tragedy intensively as though vast interests had been at stake. He carried out a detailed examination, watched by the two subordinate officers as a great surgeon in the operating theater is watched by students. Once, looking up:

"You have emptied his pockets," he said. "What did you find?"

"Nothing much, sir," Yale replied. "Keys, cigarettes, a few odds and ends in his billfold, but no money."

"No money?"

"No paper money. He had a little silver in his trousers pocket."

"H'm! Here's a burned match on the carpet. How did you come to miss it? A fastidious character of Anderman's type doesn't drop matches on his own carpets—unless under stress."

Yale took the match from Nayland Smith's extended hand and made a wry grimace at me.

Having examined the hands, clothing

Illustrated by John Richard Flanagan

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Chang resorted to illustration. He produced a knife with a slender, needle-like blade. "I spring also," he said

and hair of the dead man, Nayland Smith stared critically at the soles of his shoes; then:

"Have you been smoking?" he asked abruptly, addressing Hill.

"Smoking? No, sir! Why do you ask?"

"Use your nose, Hill. Someone has been smoking Balkan cigarettes in this room." He turned to Yale. "What kind of cigarettes were in Anderman's case?"

"Some kind of foreign things. All the exhibits are in the next room."

Nayland Smith stood up and walked into the adjoining room. I followed him. It was a sort of small smoking-room. There were a number of framed photographs on the walls, all of women, and some indiscreet. The contents of the dead man's pockets lay upon a side table. Nayland Smith laughed over his shoulder, as I entered behind him.

"There are two points to be decided," he declared.

"What are they?" I asked eagerly.

"First, where Anderman dropped the cigarette which he lighted and partly smoked in the 'office'; and, second, which, if any, of these fair but frail ladies"—he indicated the mural decorations—"was here tonight."

"Good Lord!" came Yale's voice—"what makes you think a woman was here?"

From a coffee table placed beside a cushioned settee, Nayland Smith took up a porcelain ash tray and held it out towards the speaker. It contained the stump of a cigarette.

"Balkan Yenâdi," he said. "And Anderman didn't smoke this one. Examine it closely."

Yale and I bent forward, staring curiously, until:

"Faint red stains," said the assistant commissioner. "Lipstick!"

WE SAT in a bleak room in Limehouse police station, and our unhappy friend the fireman of the Starry North entered, escorted by two constables.

"The cops 'ave got me after all, gov'nor," he announced, addressing the commissioner. "'Ere I am, 'igh an' dry—partic'ly *dry*. What I've done—Gawd knows! But 'ere I am!"

"Listen, my man," Yale began; but:

"One moment, Inspector," said Nayland Smith. "Allow me to interrogate the prisoner."

"Very good, sir."

"Where is the dagger which you offered to my friend and myself outside the Blue Lamp?"

"I sold it."

"To whom did you sell it, and where?"

"A bloke I met in the Three Castles. I cut in there for a beer after you tellin' me to go to Scotland Yard. I needed one, see? An' I shows the knife to the landlord, over the counter. 'E's got a bit of a collection o' these sort o' things hisself. 'E says, 'It's out o' my line,' 'e says. At which moment a bloke wot was 'avin' a double Scotch started to go out, an' the landlord, 'e says to me: 'There's your man,' 'e says; ''e's a buyer,' 'e says.

"'Ho!' I says, an' 'ops after this bloke, finishin' me drink quick—see? I grabs 'im just outside the Three Castles an' I shows 'im wot I got to sell. 'E seems interested, an' 'as a good look at it under a street lamp. 'E says—'I'll give you two quid.' I says, 'I want five.' We argues the point—see what I mean?—walkin' along, me 'avin' 'old of 'is arm. An' at last we comes to a door in a wall.

"'E opens it, an' says, 'Come inside an' shut your bloody row. I only got four on me. Wait a minute an' I'll get a quid—an' you can 'ave your five.'

"I says, 'Right-o!' 'E goes up to the 'ouse, me keepin' pretty close alongside, an' wonderin' if 'e's goin' to phone for the cops—see wot I mean? But presently 'e comes out, gives me me five an' says, 'Beat it! Beat it!' 'e says. 'An to 'ell with yer.' 'To flamin' 'ell with *you!*' I says—'with brass knobs on!' Then I goes out.

"I'm 'avin' a final at the Dock Gates, which is a favorite pub o' mine, when the cops nobbles me. That's all I bloody well know about it!"

"Anything further to ask him, sir?" said Yale.

"Yes. Answer this question carefully, my man: Was he smoking?"

"Smokin'? No—'e wasn't."

"Sure?"

"Dead sure."

"Good." Nayland Smith nodded. "Take him back."

As a constable hustled the prisoner from the room he turned, and:

"A bloody good night to all of yer!" said he.

INSPECTOR YALE drove back with us from the garage where we had placed the car; and as we left dockland behind us and threaded the dreary highways of the East End:

"I must admit I'm not satisfied, sir," the detective said. "Although the case against Hawkes, the ship's fireman, is a strong one."

"Unsatisfactory," Nayland Smith murmured. "There is the extraordinary circumstance that the knife, admittedly once the property of Hawkes, shows no trace of blood."

"He may have cleaned it."

"Why, having done so, leave it behind? Then, you must remember our discovery of the cigarette just inside the gate, the cigarette for which I was looking."

Yale was silent. He had, himself, picked up the partially smoked Balkan Yenâdi—free from any trace of lipstick—from the gravel path as we were leaving Peter Anderman's house.

"Hawkes is perfectly clear on the point that Anderman was not smoking when he parted from him."

"He might have lied."

"Not knowing the purpose of the question—why should he have lied?"

There was a further silence, and then:

"I take it your idea is, sir," said Yale, "that Anderman walked down the path with someone who came after Hawkes had gone, stood there for a while, smoking, then dropped the cigarette end, and—what? That he was followed back to the house?"

"Well, suggest an alternative."

"He may have been expecting someone. You think it was a woman, sir?"

"I do."

"And that she murdered him?"

"Not at all. No woman's hand struck that blow."

A long silence fell. The car ate up mile after mile of deserted Commercial Road East. Then Nayland Smith, who had been sitting tugging at the lobe of his left ear, which I knew of old to betoken intense reflection, suddenly grabbed the speaking-tube.

"Pull up, Blake!" he shouted, whilst Yale and I stared in amazement. "Turn around and drive back as fast as you can go. Never mind regulations. I'll tell you where to pull up!"

He glanced at the inspector, and:

"In my preoccupation with the identity of the woman who visited Peter Anderman tonight," he said, "I had quite overlooked the character of the murderer. Let's hope we're not too late."

NO GLIMMERING of Nayland Smith's purpose dawned upon my mind until, tumbling out of the car, he set off at a tremendous pace along a narrow street. He plunged into an alley on the right. . . .

He had led us back to the Blue Lamp!

In response to continuous banging, the door was cautiously opened a few inches, and:

"All shut—all shut!" came the singsong voice of Jo Chang. "No more tonight!"

"Sorry to trouble you," said Nayland Smith, forcing his way into the passage. "But I must speak to your waitress, Matâri."

"Matâri? She finish—go home."

At which moment, as Yale and I entered in turn, I saw the half-caste girl cross the café beyond.

"One moment!" Nayland Smith cried.

(Continued on page 38)

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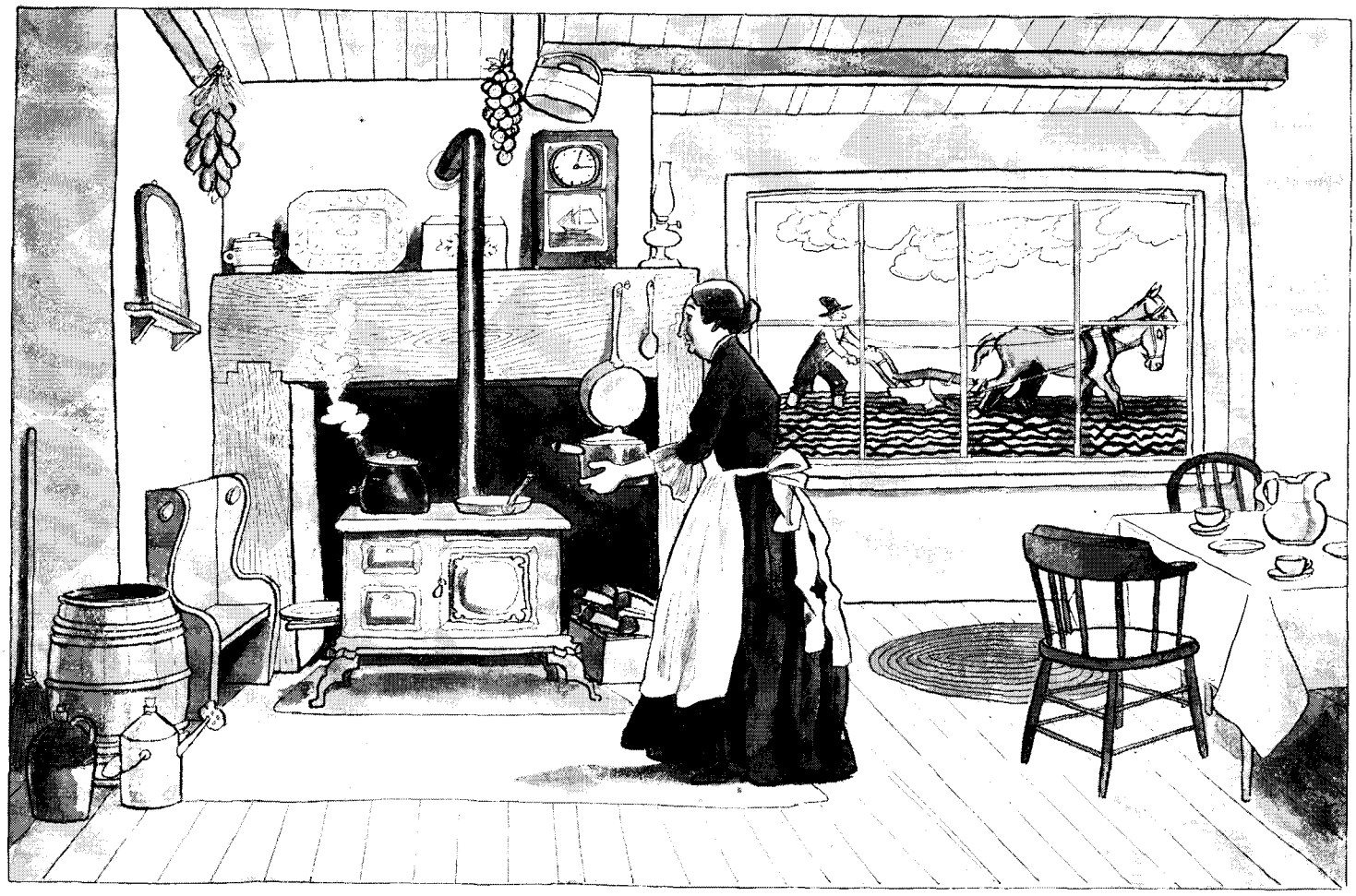

We still have farmers who favor the good old-fashioned methods, but progressive

Wheat's Here to Stay

By Owen P. White

IN ONE respect you and I and Uncle Sam are exactly alike. Any one of us would rather stand up and take a poke on the jaw than a swat in the bread-basket. In other words, good judgment, based frequently on disastrous experience, tells you and me to look out for our mid-sections, while, by the same token, good judgment should tell the old man in the striped trousers, now that his self-administered political nostrums are giving him severe cramps, to pay close attention to the central portion of his anatomy, which embraces Kansas and certain portions of adjacent wheat-producing states.

Why?

The answer is fundamental. Wheat production is not only one of the basic industries of this country but the men who are engaged in it are also basic. They belong to that class of citizens the safeguarding of whose political and economic rights has been recognized ever since the time of Alexander Hamilton as essential to our national prosperity. Feeding the nation, yes, to a large extent feeding the world, is peculiarly the job of the wheat farmers. And consequently no more colossal blunder can possibly be made than that of misunderstanding their problems and misapplying remedies.

Therefore, regardless of the numerous articles that have already been written on the subject, it is still worth while to discuss the troubles of the wheat belt. In this article, however, it will not be done in a spirit of criticism toward the national administration. In order to avoid argument on that score it will be admitted, right here at the outset, that the Federal Farm Board, with its limited outlook and its almost unlimited resources, has done all that it can to upset the equilibrium of the wheat belt.

What then can the wheat belt do to restore itself to its proper level? Can it lift itself up and, by properly utilizing its own resources, stage a comeback?

It was to try to find an answer to this question that I recently made a trip out over western Kansas. It is an enormous country. As far as the eye can see in every direction it stretches away in rolling or dead-level vastness, with hardly ever a tree in sight and, as one gets farther away from the towns, with only an occasional farmhouse. It is an ideal place for agriculture on a tremendous scale, and as one contemplates it and allows its magnitude to soak into his imagination until he can picture it all as one vast wheat field, it is hard for him to realize that the most important, the biggest thing in the vast scene before him, is in reality the littlest.

This thing is in fact so small that he can't see it. It's a bug, a microbe, a germ; it travels under the glorious name of azotobacter and its sole mission in life is to go calmly on carrying out the Biblical command to increase, multiply and replenish the earth. It does this latter job magnificently. East of the Missouri this little fellow cannot live. The soil is too damp and acid for him, but out in the semi-arid sections of the wheat belt he thrives lustily and works constantly at his sole task, which is to extract nitrogen from the air and store it away in the soil.

Were it not for this tiny germ the wheat belt of the United States would not be producing the best hard winter wheat in the world, and hence, wherever scientific wheat-growing is under way, his interests are as carefully looked after as if he were a Park Avenue beauty. His bed is carefully prepared for him, being made up by a "one-way" plowing only, so as not to disturb him any more than necessary, and yet conserve for him all possible moisture, while his vacations are provided for through a system, which every good wheat farmer follows, of allowing one fifth of the land to lie fallow every year.

Thus, with his land, to which there seems to be no end, and with his tiny ally, the azotobacter, providing him with indefinite fertility so that he will never have to buy high-priced commercial fertilizer, it would seem that the farmer of the American wheat belt is in an impregnable position as far as his ability to produce is concerned. But is he?

Our Place in a World Market

Frankly I admit that I don't know the answer, and neither, I believe, does any other individual, because, in the long run, it all depends on what attitude the United States chooses to assume in the world commodity market. If we intend to produce wheat for export, where we will have to compete with Russia, Argentina and other wheat-shipping countries, then we will necessarily have to turn wheat farming into a real industry, as Russia has done, and go into business on a large scale. If, on the other hand, we are content to abandon our world market and meekly acknowledge our inability to produce as cheaply as other countries, to which for years we have been sending our agricultural experts and our improved machinery, then the answer will be otherwise. In this latter event all we need to do is protect our wheat farmers with a sufficient tariff wall, make them restrict their production to a bare sufficiency for domestic consumption and allow millions of acres of the best wheat land on the globe to lie idle.

It was around and about and over these millions of acres that I recently roamed to get material for this article; it was with real dirt farmers, who are farming some of these acres, both small farmers who haven't yet reached the combine stage and huge fellows who own whole fleets of machinery, that I talked. And after that it was with flour millers, elevator owners, business men and members of the grain trade that I further discussed the question of industrialized farming.

Naturally these people do not all think alike. To begin with, I talked with a small farmer whom I found out in his machinery lot fixing a drill and getting it ready for next year's work. He was all in favor of bigger and better farms. This man is progressive. Everything around him shows it. His machinery is in good shape; his house is a neat frame dwelling with a pretty flower garden around it, and his barns and outhouses are well painted and in good repair. But not a tree on the place. Trees are scarce in the wheat belt. A few years ago this man was working for wages. Then he bought a section of land, 640 acres; paid for it out of three years of good crops and fair prices, and he is now anxious to expand.

He has to expand, and knows it, because in order to keep up with his machinery investment, as I will show later on, there is an economic unit of size below which it doesn't pay a man who wants to make money out of raising wheat to go.

The Blessings of 25-Cent Wheat

Of course a man of that kind—and the majority of farmers in western Kansas are like that—is not a calamity howler. To be sure, he doesn't deny that wheat at twenty-five cents a bushel was a good deal of a hardship, "But," as he said to me, "it saved figuring. Four bushels for a dollar is easy to calculate and, as most of us ain't much good at doing sums anyhow, maybe the government did us some good after all by relieving us of that much trouble."

"But with wheat at that price," I asked, "weren't you beginning to favor a reduction in acreage?"

"No, sir!" he replied emphatically. "I was not. Out in this country we're wheat farmers. It's the one crop our land is best suited for and we're going to keep right on raising it. We may be able to reduce costs but I don't think we're going to reduce acreage."

The next man I talked to was an entirely different type. As we drove on along across the prairie I saw off to the

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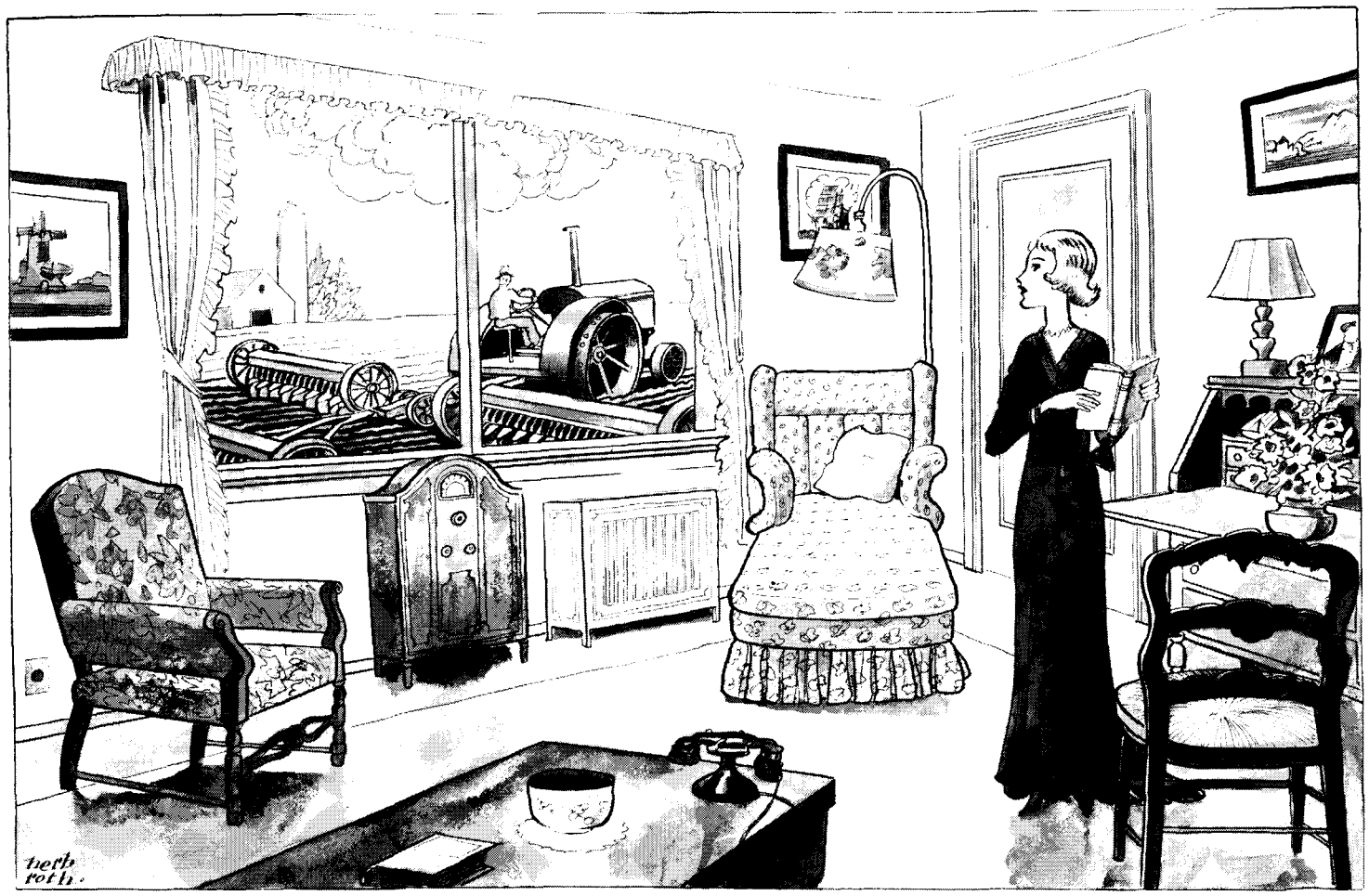

agriculturists have seen the advantages of mechanized, coöperative production

Illustrated by Herb Roth

Wheat-raising is an American business. We've got the land and we've got the will and we're putting them to work. Not for ourselves alone, but for the world markets as well. And we can do it profitably. The way, says Mr. White, is through industrialized farming. Here he shows you just how things stand in the wheat belt

left of the road a low, queer-looking structure.

"What's that?" I asked.

"A sod house," replied the young man who was conducting me, "and maybe you'd like to go in and talk to the owner of it. He's an old farmer."

"I certainly would," I answered.

We drove up to the front of the place, blew the auto horn, and out came a hale and hearty old man of about seventy.

"I just want to look at your house," I said. "I never saw a sod house before."

"Want to buy it?" asked the old gentleman.

"No, just look at it."

I got out of the car and the old man took me inside. It was a very interesting house. Fifty years ago the old man cut the sod from the virgin prairie and built it himself. Its walls are three feet thick so that whenever the rain washed them partially down on the sides, which isn't often in dry Kansas, or whenever the Kansas wind blows the corners off, which is all the time, almost, all he has to do is go out and cut some more sod and patch it up. It was very primitive looking on the outside, but inside, where I met a lovely old lady, it was neat and clean.

We sat down and the old man and I had quite a talk. Naturally, as he still lives in a sod house, he is out of step with progress. He represents the side of the agricultural picture of Kansas that the opponents of industrialization stand for. He has worked hard for fifty years and has gotten nowhere, but he still votes. He owns, I think, considerably less than a section of land, and:

"There ought to be a law," he said, "against anybody farming more than 640 acres of land."

"Why?"

An Apostle of Backwardness

"Why because it ain't right. It keeps people from coming here and settling down. Take that fellow across the road from me—you'll pass his place as you leave here—he farms better than 2,000 acres and on that much ground there ought to be at least four families."

"Yes," I thought to myself, "and they'd all be living in sod houses like this one, too." But I didn't say anything. I had heard the old man's views. I could see that the rewards he had extracted from a long life of hard work were exactly in accord with those views, and so I bade him good-by and drove away.

As we passed the home of the man who farmed better than 2,000 acres I stopped and looked it over. The contrast was eloquent. The sod house bespoke the expenditure of a lot of muscle; this place gave ample evidence of the expenditure of plenty of brains.

The next farmer with whom I talked was what they call a suitcase farmer. There are a great many of these gentlemen operating in the wheat belt, and as they are all optimists I had better explain them. Their reason for existing is that, as a rule, it doesn't take more than seventy-five days to plant, harvest and market a crop of wheat. The balance of a man's time, if he has nothing but wheat to attend to, is all his own and consequently he can spend it, and his profits along with it, at his home and his country club, out on the California coast or even in foreign travel.

The man I talked to owns six or eight wheat farms scattered around in western Kansas; he is not bothered by a machinery investment because he hires all his work done at so much per acre for all the necessary operations of plowing, sowing and harvesting, and thus from the end of September until the first of the following July he doesn't have to be in Kansas unless he wants to be. Men of this type are not essentially farmers. On the contrary they are everything else but. They are capitalists, doctors, lawyers, bankers, merchants and plumbers who, seeing some years ago that there was good money in wheat, bought cheap land, paid for it with a couple of good harvests and are now operating it as a side line to their other endeavors.

These men are exceedingly progressive. They figure production costs down to the last penny. If it wasn't for tractors and combines these suitcase farmers, who constitute no inconsiderable element in the wheat game, wouldn't be in the business at all, and neither, for that matter, would any of the real production giants, one of whose grain factories I will now discuss. I call it a grain factory because it is a factory: one that is industrialized to the last bolt, timed by the clock and run with as much attention to business detail as if it were a bank.

This farm, located in western Kansas and comprising about 70,000 acres—a joke in comparison with some of the colossal Russian areas—contains within itself, so far as I can see, the germ of America's answer to the Soviet challenge. It was, in fact, organized with substantially that end in view.

Five years ago a group of six business men, in order to make a test of their theory that wheat production costs could be reduced to a point sufficiently low to show a profit even in trying years, and also low enough to enable this country to compete for foreign markets against labor that was dirt cheap and against virgin soils, formed a corporation and went to work. They started with 5,000 acres; today they have 70,000 and so successful have they been in the application of their methods that even when wheat was selling at thirty cents a bushel they were still on the right side of the ledger.

In order that I might understand how this remarkable result had been achieved, Mr. John S. Bird, president of the Wheat Farming Company—and Mr. Bird is an intensely practical business man as well as a highly scientific farmer—gave me an outline of the methods along which his company works. Substantially what he told me was this:

Four principles, as he sees it, are essential to the success of industrialized wheat farming. The burden of land investment must be as light as possible; fertility of soil must be continuously maintained; labor must be economized and sufficient capital must be available. Give the wheat belt those four things, let it attend carefully to its business details and farm scientifically and it can maintain its place in the commodity markets of the world.

A Profit of Thirty Cents

To indicate that this is true, and at the same time to enable me to see how his company had been able to beat the Farm Board by producing wheat at a profit when the Board didn't want it to produce any at all, Mr. Bird opened his books to me and showed me what it costs to raise an acre of wheat. I was amazed at the figures. Taking everything into consideration—management, overhead, taxes, up-keep and depreciation of machinery, oil, gasoline, seed, all agricultural operations and finally marketing—it cost the Wheat Farming Company only $5.06 per acre to handle their 1931 crop.

Thus with a production of eighteen bushels to the acre, even at thirty cents a bushel, the industrialized farmer was not losing any money. On the contrary he was actually making a little because, in addition to the slight gain which the above figures show, he was able, because he had farmed right and had looked out carefully for the welfare of the azotobacter, to show a heavy protein content and therefore get a premium for his wheat over the price paid to the men who live in sod houses and who are probably totally unaware of the chemical properties of the land which they have been cultivating all their lives.

Now, bearing in mind that in 1931 industrialized farms in the wheat belt were able to sell wheat at thirty cents

(Continued on page 43)

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The Winning of Nora

A rollicking romance—full of dire peril for you, if your doctor desires you to preserve a serious state of mind

By Talbert Josselyn

Illustrated by John H. Crosman

THIS is the way that Nora Maloney come to say "Yes" to me, Hefty. Her that couldn't make up her mind to say "Yes" or "No" or anything else until that night; and then . . . Say! . . .

I was in my popcorn wagon—Hefty's Sure-Pop Popcorn—down at the beach, along about the middle of the evening, and business was rotten.

"Okay," I said to myself. "I'll call it a day. I'll go up to Mrs. Perley Smythe-Spicer's house, where Nora Maloney will be sitting in the kitchen, and I'll give her one more round of talk as to why she should quit cooking for these here society people and become Mrs. Hefty and help me open up the swellest hot-dog stand at the beach. Also I can whack into a ham or a chicken or whatever else is in the ice box."

I gave the wagon the gas—it was one of these popcorn wagons that was mounted on an auto chassy and went under its own power—and off I went, leaving the dead old beach flat. I headed for the north end of town, up where all the swell millionaire summer homes are, and after a mile I come to the whole block that the Perley Smythe-Spicer house is in the middle of, all surrounded by trees and lawns and gardens. And they wasn't the only things that surrounded it that night. I never seen so many cars.

"Huh," I said, "something must be going on somewhere in the neighborhood," and let it go at that. I got out of the bus, give a hitch to my white apron and a twist to my mustache and a tilt to my working derby hat, and I went along a winding walk and up the steps and opened the Spicer kitchen door.

"Hello there, Nora," I said. "It's me, Hefty."

I didn't get no farther.

That kitchen—and it was as big as an ordinary house—was just busting with niggers. Yes, sir. All of 'em wearing black coats and black pants and starched white shirts, and every one of 'em working away carving ham and tongue and chicken and forty other kinds of food and stacking plates and gabbling fit to wake the dead.

Right in the midst of 'em stood Nora, bossing things.

"Ah," she said, hastening to the door, "and so it's you!"

"Yes," I said, "it's me. And," I said, looking around the kitchen, "it seems to be about eight thousand others."

At which she tossed her head and laughed sort of high and excited. "And what would you be expecting on the night of the biggest party of the year?"

"Parties mean nothing to me," I said. "I'm a working man."

"And come here in working clothes," said Nora.

"I come here to see you," I said. "But if you don't want to see me . . ." and I turned on my heel.

At which she grabbed my arm.

"Ah, and it was darling of you!" She now smiled in the way like I hoped she was going to smile at first. "Come on in and we'll have a talk and a bite to eat."

"In this bedlam?" I said.

"We can go into the dining-room," she said.

In we went, she picking up three or four sandwiches on the way. The lights hadn't been turned on in the dining-room, and it was just the place to sit and talk and eat. But no sooner had we got in the dining-room, and before I could even begin to talk about myself and the hot-dog stand, Nora was dragging me to a window and we was looking out upon the great big Smythe-Spicer lawn, all lit up by colored lights hung from trees, and on the lawn was maybe a hundred people all dressed up in every kind of a fancy costume, some of 'em dancing on a platform to the music of a band, and some of 'em—a whole lot of 'em—crowding up to a punchbowl, and some of 'em just standing around.

I could hear Nora draw in her breath.

"LOOK at 'em," she whispered. "The finest party of the year—yes, and the finest of society in all the land, right out there, and for every one that's there, there's a hundred others crying their eyes out because they wasn't invited." Here she tossed her head and sniffed. "As if Mrs. Spicer would be invitin' the riff and the raff of everyday society to an affair like this, and her the social queen!"

I sniffed right back. That was the one trouble with Nora, getting her head turned all the time by being around these butterflies. I seen I was going to have trouble this evening selling the idea of myself and hot dogs.

"Well," I said, "there's just as good people looking down from this window as there is out there!"

At which Nora sort of come to her senses and patted me on the arm. "Ah, darlint, I ain't denying that! But I am saying," and here she kind of sighed, "that there are some people looking out of this window that haven't got all of the social graces of them outside." Here she nudged me once more. "Do you know what? There's a duke or a earl or a something right out there. His name is Sir Geoffrey Leffingwelle, and he's so illigant and refined, and yet so dimmycratic. The party's in his honor. Ah me, look at 'em all, dancing about so carefree and happy!" And here Nora sighed once more.

Say, that hot-dog idea of mine was taking an awful pasting. I sure wasn't getting anywhere, not with all that competition outside. But I kept right at it.

"Now look here, Nora," I said. "I been thinking—"

Here we heard footsteps coming toward the dining-room from the front part of the house.

"Hark!" said Nora. "That's Mrs. Spicer herself, probably coming to see how things are. As if they wouldn't be all right, wid me here! But I'm afraid you'll have to go. Come back later and . . ." She shoved me right out into the kitchen, and then right out onto the back porch steps. "Take these," she said, handing me the sandwiches, "and come back in about a . . ." By this time she was gone.

I didn't say a word until I'd got out onto the sidewalk, and then I turned and raised my fist at the house.

"Come back?" I said. "Come back nothing! Not tonight, and maybe not tomorrow night. And I dunno when I'll come. Just because I'm a hard-working man and you got a yardful of butterflies . . ."

I GOT into my popcorn wagon and drove up the street. Then I noticed I was still holding them sandwiches, which wasn't any thicker than folded paper napkins. Food for a hungry man—one peanut for a elephant, if you get what I mean. I slammed them sandwiches right toward the open front window of the wagon, but my aim was bad and I hit a stack of popcorn crisps instead, which toppled over and fell down among the steering machinery. The more I tried to lean over and fish 'em out, steering with one hand, the more they got jammed. A cross street showed ahead, and I turned into it, intending to head back for the beach.

Well, I headed all right, even if it wasn't for the beach.

Once I was turned into that street, I kept right on turning. The steering gear had gone on the fritz. The bus

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I ran at him the third time and got him zam on the nose. Down he went. Say, I'll bet you could have heard the crowd holler for a mile

headed smack into the driveway of a big yard. A familiar looking yard. Yeah, the front driveway of the same yard I'd gone out of by the back way not a minute before. . . .

The big party-filled Smythe-Spicer yard.

A flat-foot special cop was standing in that drive, his back to the street, him trying to get an eyeful of the party. Well, he almost got a somethingful of something else. He didn't hear me till I was almost on him. Say, but he got out of the way!

"Hey!" he howled as I went past.

But I was too busy to pay any attention to any heying. I heaved on that wheel something awful, and by almost busting my arms I got the steering gear straightened out—too much straightened out, and it went jam the other way. The bus skipped across the drive and headed straight for some trees; big trees. Under the trees three men in costume was standing, sort of droopy-like. I grabbed at the brakes—and they was all gowed up too. And I never did have a horn.

It was my turn to do the heying.

"*Hey!*" I yelled.

I will say that for three old ducks loaded down with a lot of costume they done a neat piece of jumping. One of 'em was a little slow and got one leg under a wheel, but what's a leg to a whole body? That's what I asked him, after I'd stopped by running into the tree.

"Ow!" he said from under the wheel.

"Whadda you mean by this?" yelled the two others.

"Out you go!" bawled the flattie cop, pounding up.

"Say now, look here, gents," I began.

And then what looked like a bright tidal wave of people come running across the lawn.

"Whoops!" they hollered. "Look what's come!"

THEY didn't even give the guy under the wheel a chance to get up. They swarmed around the wagon and hauled at it and most shook it to pieces. And that ain't all they done. One of 'em reached for a bag of popcorn, and another for some peanuts, and then they all reached together.

I give a bellow. I jumped from that wagon like a puma cat. I grabbed the three nearest guys.

"Pay up!" I said. "Pay up, or give 'em back, or I'll knock your blocks off. High society, are you, and you'd rob a hard-working man!"

AT WHICH everybody laughed something awful, and some of 'em lay right down on the lawn.

Now all this time I been hearing remarks by the dozen, but they went right in one ear and out the other with me so busy trying to get things right side up.

"A *real* popcorn wagon . . . Isn't he *won*derful? . . . How did he ever think of it? . . . What a marvelous make-up. I can't recognize him and yet I bet I know him just as well. . . . Wonderful what grease-paint and putty will do. . . . Hear him talk. Isn't he a card? Party was an awful dud till he came."

Then a new yell went up.

"Here comes Mrs. Spicer! Hey, Mrs. Spicer—hey, Bo Peep!—your hit of the party's here!"

Through the crowd came a heavy-set dame in a flowery dress and high-heeled gold slippers, wearing ropes of jewels and a high yellow wig, and carrying a long gilt crook all tied with ribbons. She come right up close and looked at me.

"Now, listen, Mrs. Spicer," I said, for I guessed it was Mrs. Spicer, at the same time keeping my hold on the shirtfronts of the three popcorn-grabbing guys; "now don't get me wrong. But business is business. I was driving by here on my way to the beach and my steering gear jammed on account of some popcorn crisps falling into it just as I was going past, and the old bus turned right into your yard. If these bums will give me back my popcorn and things, I'll be on my way and . . ."

It wasn't no use. That crowd laughed so hard I couldn't even hear my own voice.

MRS. SPICER had by now lifted up one of these pair of eyeglasses that's on a handle, and she looked and looked at me.

"It isn't Eustace Vanderlyne," she finally said. "It isn't Roscoe Cummox. And it isn't that rascal Bingo Ford. . . . So many were to have come from such a distance. . . .

"But," and here she smiled, even though she shook her head, "I know you, you naughty rogue, for all that wonderful big false mustache and those imitation ears and that padded shirt. And a derby hat—and a *real* popcorn wagon! We thought Sir Geoffrey was *so* original when he came as . . . You adorable boy, how could you have thought it all up? Here, I give you your accolade. I make you Sir Knight—Sir Popcorn!"

At which she reached out that crook of hers and made a pass at me. I tried to dodge it, but it hit me on the head.

"Hey, there; go easy!" I said.

But by now she'd moved right up and linked arms with me.

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Winter Range

By Alan LeMay

The Story Thus Far:

THE body of John Mason, head of the bank in the little town of Waterman, has been found on the Bar Hook ranch—within fifty yards of the home of the owner, Campo Ragland. He has, apparently, killed himself with his own gun.

Kentucky Jones, a livestock trader, attends the coroner's inquest. Among those who testify is Ragland's pretty daughter, Jean. On leaving the room, the girl dumfounds Kentucky by dropping a bullet—the bullet which had killed Mason—into his hand. . . .

The jury's verdict is "death by accident." But Kentucky now feels sure Mason has been murdered. Determined to learn the truth, he goes to work for Ragland—as a cowboy. Arriving at the Bar Hook ranch-house, he learns that, during the inquest, the house has been ransacked. A rifle is missing; and Kentucky, mystified, notes that a picture, hanging on the wall, has been removed from its frame and stolen.

Jean appears to be strangely agitated by the robbery. With Kentucky, she examines the picture frame. *As Campo Ragland is about to enter the room, the girl seizes the frame, hides it.* . . .

A cattle war—between Ragland and Bob Elliot, owner of the SS—is brewing. Elliot, according to rumor, is planning to graze his cattle in the Bake Pan country, which Ragland regards as his land. Kentucky knows that such a plan, carried out, will mean trouble. With Lee Bishop, Bar Hook foreman, he goes to the Bake Pan flats. Some of Elliot's cattle are already there. Bishop protests to Elliot's foreman, Bill McCord. McCord defies and insults him.

Bishop, who is unarmed, tries to attack McCord, who carries a gun; but Kentucky, intervening, prevents a fight. . . . Back at the ranch-house, the two men report to Ragland. For some mysterious reason, Ragland—a man of unquestioned courage—has no desire to fight! . . . A riderless horse limps in to one of the corrals. Zack Sanders, Bar Hook cook, has been missing for a week. The horse had belonged to him.

"So Zack," says Bishop slowly, "is dead!"

III

A NEW sense of shock and malignant uncertainty descended upon the Bar Hook people with the return of Zack Sanders' low-headed horse, Zack's broken saddle under its belly. Lee Bishop and Kentucky Jones called Campo Ragland out, and the owner of the Bar Hook examined the horse and its equipment in a black mood.

"Unsaddle him and feed oats," was all Campo said. And he returned to the house.

The other riders, as they returned from their work, had more to say. To these men Zack Sanders was no mere name. Some of them had known him for a long time, worked stock with him often before the fall of his horse had turned him into a cook. Now they were faced by the assumption that he lay dead in some unknown place, lost in the rocks and snow.

"He shouldn't have tried that trip," Jim Humphreys said. "I bet you it was his game leg made him fall."

Harry Wilson, a small man, wizened beyond his middle age by many a winter in the saddle, allowed that this was the bunk. "If that's so, how comes that streak of blood on the swell of his saddle fork?"

Billy Petersen, the young horse wrangler, said, "Maybe he was fixing to shoot a rabbit or something, and his horse shied, and as he fell the gun went off—"

The boy stopped. Probably there was no one there who had not seen immediately the parallel between this suggestion and the accepted theory of John Mason's death. Somehow the improbability that this could have happened twice threw doubt on the theory that it had happened at all. There was an awkward pause.

Jim Humphreys said he didn't see why Zack's horse hadn't come in before, if it was coming. "Here Zack's been missing since last Saturday. That's—let's see—going on five days. And here this horse don't come in—"

"Probably he tried to go back to the wild bunch, but the wild bunch kicked him out."

"How long ago do you suppose he's run loose?"

"It couldn't have been long or the saddle would have got lost off."

"I've heard of 'em staying on a month."

WHEN the other riders had gone about their work of feeding the stock, Lee Bishop took Kentucky Jones aside. The blocky foreman was in a subdued but lowering temper. "It's bad when you learn that a boy you've known for a long time is dead," he said; "but it don't change the other thing, Kentuck, nor take off of us what we got to do. I don't suppose there's anything we can do for Zack Sanders now, but in the meantime Bob Elliot is swamping the Bar Hook range. Right now, while we talk, I suppose he's turning free the cattle that we saw moving onto our range today. Tomorrow they'll be getting ready to move a thousand more—and that won't be the end either. We got a fight on our hands, Kentuck, and that's the next thing here."

"Just before Zack's horse come in," Kentucky said, "you were starting to tell me what was holding Campo back. There's the kingpin of the situation, Lee—if you're right that you know what it is."

Lee Bishop's face took on the stubborn look of a man who thinks he will be disbelieved. "This may sound funny to you, Kentucky, but I've known these people here a long time—a sight longer than you have—and I know that I'm dead right."

Kentucky waited while Bishop studied the ash of his cigarette. "Kentucky," said Lee slowly, "it's Jean Ragland that's holding her father back."

Kentucky considered this. "What makes you think so, Lee?"

"There isn't anybody in the world has any influence with him except her—not even her mother. The rest of us come and go and he pays us no more mind than horses. But Jean—she can fan him just as handy as she fans a bronc. If she makes up her mind there will be no war with Elliot, there'll be no war, and Campo will watch Elliot work his ruination and never smoke a gun."

Kentucky Jones thought he saw the chance to probe a side trail. "Maybe," he said, "that's why he had that big picture of her hanging there in the main room."

"What big picture?"

"DON'T you remember?" said Kentucky. "The picture that's always hung on the wall of the main room, right opposite the kitchen door—about so high and so wide, with the frame made out of black wood, and onions at the corners?" He was describing the position and appearance of the empty frame which had so startled Jean.

"Onions at the corners?"

"Well, some kind of carved-on vegetable."

"That wasn't no picture of Jean."

"Then whose picture was it?"

"I don't know. Just some guy on a horse."

"What kind of looking horse?"

"Just a horse. What the hell do you care?"

"Nothing. It's kind of interesting to see who remembers what."

"Then," she spoke with difficulty, "you're free to go. Ride out of this, and try

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Illustrated by Matt Clark

to forget everything that has happened here. Some day I hope to see you again"

"Here we got a couple of deaths," said Lee Bishop disgustedly, "and a range fight that's about to make the Bar Hook a thing of the past, and our old man quits on us, and we're backed up against the wall—and all you can find to think about is some guy had his picture took on a horse!"

"All right," said Kentucky. He picked up the other thread. "Anybody can see Jean has a heavy drag with her father—and maybe is the only one that has. But that's slim backing, Lee, for what you said. What was your other reason"—he watched Bishop steadily—"for thinking that Jean is keeping her father from making a stand against Elliot?"

"Other reason?"

"Didn't you have another reason that you haven't given me, Lee?"

Lee Bishop hesitated for a long time. "No," he said at last.

"Lee," said Kentucky, "if Jean doesn't want her father to scrap it out with Elliot, what do you suppose her reason is?"

"How do I know what her reason is?" said Lee Bishop explosively. "How does anyone know what any woman's reason is? Maybe the trouble we've had here already has made her sick of guns, and she's afraid that if we stand our ground there'll be more of these here empty saddles come in under the bellies of horses."

"Have you talked to her, Lee?"

Lee grunted a negative and hesitated again, groping for words. "Look here!" he burst out at last. "Look here! *You've* got to talk to her!"

"Me?"

"There's nobody around here she'll pay any attention to but you. Some way she's got a blind on the old man's eyes and she's keeping him snubbed down helpless. Kentucky, I tell you," Lee Bishop declared savagely, "if we make our stand against Elliot now, it may be we can turn him, and get out of it cheap. But the farther this thing goes the harder it will be for him to draw back. If this thing goes too far there will be no way but to fight it at a deadlock until one or the other is smashed. Most likely both will be smashed. You've got to talk to that girl!"

"What makes you think I can do anything with her, Lee?"

LEE BISHOP groped for some way to express a thing that he sensed, but could not prove. "She follows you with her eyes," he said at last. "Whatever you do, if you aren't looking, she follows you with her eyes."

"Horsefeathers!" said Kentucky.

"Maybe; but you got to do what I say anyway," said Bishop stubbornly. "What chance we got here, the way things stand now? We're not going to have enough range left to keep our brand on a jack rabbit. You got to talk to that girl!"

"You think," said Kentucky, "there's anything about the cow situation I can tell her that she don't know?"

"You got to get her to pull out of here until this thing is over. You got to get her to go out on the coast and join her ma, or go for a visit in Flagstaff or Cheyenne, or some place—don't make no difference where she goes. But you got to get her to get out of here and leave this thing to her old man to work out in his own way."

"I see a swell chance to get popular, with that," said Kentucky. "'Excuse me, ma'am, kindly ma'am, would you just as leave get the hell out of the state?'"

"You'll talk to her?"

"No," said Kentucky. "Do you think I'm a damn' fool?"

"Yes," said Bishop.

He lingered at the corrals, however, after Lee Bishop had ridden off to have a look at the condition of the Water-man road; and presently, as he had more than half expected, Jean Ragland came out to look at a lamed pony.

"I don't know but what we ought to fire this," she said, running a hand over the pony's swollen stifle.

"I'll rub some of them chili beans on it, that I fixed for breakfast," he told her. "And maybe I'll bind on a pad—a couple of them left-over pancakes of mine will be just the ticket."

Jean straightened, dropping pretense. "I want to ask you about a couple of things," she said.

"I was kind of looking for you to," he admitted.

Jean Ragland said, "You have the—thing I gave you?"

He regarded her gravely. "That bullet?" He told her what he had done with it. "I don't know that it did any good to get hold of it, though."

SHE stared at him a moment. "Do you think—do you think—" She stopped.

"I don't know for sure," he said; "but I'll gamble you that the sheriff has the other bullet."

The back of her gloved fingers went to her mouth, but her face was calm, and she was not afraid to meet his eyes. "What other bullet?"

"It's possible I'm wrong. I'm not in the confidence of the sheriff—nor anybody else. But I tell you for what it's worth: I'll bet my last cent that that bullet has a twin; and that the sheriff has it."

"But what makes you think there were two?"

"Well—he was cussing because the bullet had got away from him; and he said that taking it wouldn't help anybody, because even if they needed it they had the—and there he stopped. So I asked him if he meant they had another slug."

"And what did he say?"

"It kind of made him mad, and we had a little dispute. But finally he said that they had taken a cast of the bullet. Now, I took that last to be a lie."

Jean's face was troubled. "Why?" she asked sharply.

"Sometimes," he said, "you ride by a bunch of brush that looks like there ought to be a deer bedded down in it; but you look at that brush and somehow you know that there's no deer there."

"I see."

"The sheriff offered me a job," he said. He told her now about what Hopper had wanted him to do concerning the Bar Hook man who had not been where he had said he was when Mason died.

SHE nodded promptly. "Yes, I know who he means."

"I gathered that several people know about it; but not I."

"It doesn't amount to anything," she said quickly. "It was just a rider here—that quarter-blood Indian, Joe St. Marie. I'm certain he—doesn't know anything about it."

Kentucky Jones now knew St. Marie as one of the two cowboys who had come in during the night, a blunt-faced, competent rider, not so dark of skin that his Indian blood would have been conspicuous had not his flair for personal decoration in cut-steel and silver work betrayed him.

"St. Marie is the best bronc rider we've ever had here," Jean said. "But he isn't always dependable. If he wasn't working where he was sent the day Mason died, that isn't the first time he's gold-bricked his job."

"You don't think his perjury means anything then?"

"That's all silliness!"

"I thought it sounded that way. Of course, I told Hopper I wouldn't touch

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The Big Pink

By Hugh MacNair Kahler

The Story Thus Far:

HOPING to spend the summer courting the fair Beechy Gwynn, of whom he is deeply enamored, Edwin Bleecker Jewett III has a tutor wished on him—Dr. Beekman Winship, a huge but exceedingly timid college professor.

Edwin decides to act at once. He succeeds in convincing the doctor that the police are on his trail; that, in order to escape recognition, he must remove his beard. Off comes the beard. Mr. Jewett then has an interview with a gentleman who trains pugilists—one Dan McGurk—and introduces him to Winship. "Big boy," exclaims McGurk, "I'm gonna make you the world's heavyweight champ!" Winship is no fighter. He is shocked—and says so. "Okay," barks McGurk, "I'll just hand you over to the cops!" Terrified, Winship surrenders.

At Narrow Harbor, where Eddie and Winship are the guests of Eddie's Aunt Julie and her husband, Ronald Bedloe, weird events follow. Trooper Wilbur Dill, of the New York State Police, arrives. He courts the fair Nellie, one of Aunt Julie's maids. Nellie, however, has already lost her heart—to the world's future heavyweight champion.

Our hero is in a quandary. He, it seems, is in love with Miss Wilhelmina Borden, Beechy Gwynn's maiden aunt. If she learns of his new profession, all is lost. . . .

Arrayed in a much-abbreviated bathing suit (suggested by Mr. Jewett), McGurk's "find"—"The Big Pink"—appears on the Narrow Harbor beach. Beechy Gwynn rushes up to him. "I have never," she exclaims, "seen anything so *adorably* brutal in my life!"

Alas, Miss Wilhelmina Borden's sentiments are otherwise. She gazes at the coming champion and her eye, the coming champion observes with horror, is cold and fishy.

VII

AS SHE contemplated Beekman Winship in the unmasking insufficiency of bathing dress, Miss Borden seemed to be looking upon one of the low, unlovely forms of life that come to light when a flat stone has been disturbed.

Too manifestly the minor shock of seeing him, last night, naked of visage and clad in Signor Primavera's dinner clothes, had not prepared her for the present revealment of his gross, revolting bulk.

In her gaze Winship perceived an accusation. She would have forgiven a wriggling thousand-legger for loathliness it could not help, but she saw Winship's appearance as an affair of willful intent, and quite logically she held him responsible for it.

This, suddenly, he could not bear.

He shook Beechy's possessing fingers from his arm and strode resolutely forward toward Miss Borden's parasol.

The intolerable look of accusation did not relent at his approach. It hardened, indeed, into cool hostility.

"I must explain—" he began.

"Why?" The voice was musical with the note of a glacial brook. The fine brows arched. "Why should you?"

"Because—because you may misunderstand—"

AGAIN she laughed. "You needn't worry about that. I couldn't possibly misunderstand."

"I fear, nevertheless, that you do. If you understood you would—" Winship paused.

"Yes?"

"You wouldn't look at me as if I'd suddenly crawled out from under a flat stone."

She widened her eyes.

"Dear me! Do I really look like that?"

"I fear that you do. I cannot blame you for feeling so, but if you would permit me to explain the circumstances—"

"If you feel that you must explain the obvious, I'm willing to listen. Go on."

"Thank you. I—"

He stopped. He ought to have foreseen that he could not explain. Honor bound to keep secret the relation in which he stood toward Eddie Jewett, there was nothing that he could plead in self-defense. What would be gained by confessing that in a common gaming hell he had manhandled, perhaps fatally, an officer of the law? What use to admit that he was in disguise because he was a hunted fugitive from justice?

"I—I find that, after all, there is nothing to be said. I can only ask you to suspend judgment. Perhaps, later, I shall be free to tell you."

Miss Borden smiled, a smile that seemed to have a fine, thin edge.

"It really isn't necessary." She turned to greet a small, slight man of visibly intellectual aspect, a man who wore gleaming nose-glasses and, even for the informality of the beach, had chosen to garb himself with decent dignity. Upon this person Miss Borden directed a smile notably devoid of edge.

"Oh, Doctor Frisbee!" Her voice held no suggestion of glacial brooks. "I hardly dared to hope that you'd find time to come today. Can you possibly spare me a few moments?"

"As many as you will accept." Dr. Frisbee bent gallantly above her hand. His shoulder turned itself toward Winship with a marked effect of intention. Suddenly aware of an unreasonable antipathy, Winship resolutely stood his ground. Miss Borden seemed to discover his presence with a start.

"You know Doctor Winship, of course, Doctor Frisbee?"

"I HAVE not had that pleasure." Dr. Frisbee bowed stiffly. Still more stiffly Winship returned the salute. He felt an insane desire to lay hands on Frisbee, to swing him thrice around his head, after the fashion of undergraduate weight-throwers and, releasing him at the proper point in the fourth revolution, to cast him far, far out upon the waters. Recoiling, horrified, from this temptation, he nevertheless continued to dislike Frisbee, to contrast Frisbee's enviably intellectual aspect and dimensions with his own brute bulk and bareness.

Beechy's sea-cold hands laid hold upon his arm.

"Come on, Beekie! The water's *too* divine! I'll race you to the float."

Miss Borden stabbed him to the heart with a smile like a stiletto.

"It was so nice of you to stop and speak to me," she said, "but you mustn't let me keep you from your—your playmates."

A graceful, kindly movement of her head dismissed him, utterly and forever. Stoically, as one who moves consentingly to sacrifice, he suffered himself to be led down to the cold, wet, salty sea.

Here, looking back, he met Miss Borden's following glance, a glance that left no room for doubts.

She hated him.

Wading out through the shallows, he hoped, bitterly, that the depths would drown him. He found, however, a pale comfort in the buoyancy the salt water gave him; he lost his feeling of gross, unwieldy bulk and weight; he ceased to feel undressed.

Splashing, he followed Beechy to the float. Here, glancing shoreward, he watched Miss Borden move deliberately away, apparently unconscious of Beekman Winship's existence. Beside her Dr. Frisbee appeared almost to skip.

Again Winship felt that hammer-throwing might, in certain happy circumstances, become the king of outdoor sports.

"YOU really mustn't do such things!" Mrs. Bedloe's hushed, wood-dove murmur overtook Winship at the borderland of kindly sleep. In the deeply cushioned terrace chair to which, after luncheon, he had been mysteriously drawn, he had almost found a temporary escape from the anguish of his gashed and bleeding spirit. With difficulty he reopened eyes that had begun to close.

"You've done so terribly, wonderfully much that I can't let you go on."

Winship made a vague, dismissing movement with his hand.

"Of course it was simply *noble* of you, but I simply can't let you endanger your health by trying to eat as much as Edwin does. Just because he—" Mrs. Bedloe paused, closing her eyes as if to shut out abhorrent memory—"just because he doesn't know any better, yet, than to swallow quantities of practically raw beef you mustn't feel—"

Again Winship performed the dismissing gesture.

"It was nothing, really. I was glad to do it. Glad."

"I know. But you mustn't. I can't let you. It wouldn't be—right."

Winship was dimly troubled by a sudden deepening of Mrs. Bedloe's rose-leaf color, a matter that should have caused him a purely æsthetic pleasure and, instead, mysteriously alarmed him.

"You see," she whispered, "I know!"

"Oh." This seemed a fairly suitable answer.

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"Yes. I know. I think I knew all along, but I tried to hope it wasn't so. I wanted to believe that you were doing it all for Edwin and not for—me!"

She waited, seemingly, for a response, but Winship, after some instants of numb-witted research, found none.

"But now what I do know," she went on softly, "it—it alters everything. I have no right to accept so much when I can give so little."

So little! It became possible for Winship to resume his breathing.

"The only honorable course is to tell you frankly that I can never care—as you care. It would be cruel and base of me not to tell you that you mustn't hope."

Winship was able, now, to incline his head, as one who bows to the inevitable.

"I knew you'd take it splendidly! But I have no right to ask you to stay here, crucifying yourself for the sake of a woman who will never be able to give you anything except her friendship and her gratitude."

Speech, at last, was granted Winship.

"Either," he said, "would be more than I could ask."

She glowed upon him.

"You mean that you can bear to stay here, keeping on with the glorious things you're doing for Edwin, even though I—?"

Winship came to a forlorn choice between competing evils.

"I've got to bear it," he said.

She caught in her breath.

"I see. You mean that it would be even harder to go than to stay?"

Winship bowed. "Yes," he said. "Much harder. Impossible."

ONCE more he heard the sound of quickly indrawn breath.

"Oh, you're so wonderful!"

A hand like a rose petal rested, for an appalling instant, against his cheek. Light footsteps sounded in diminuendo. A door closed softly. Slowly a lulling sense of present safety descended upon Winship. Like a man reprieved at the scaffold's very foot, he found the sanctuary of deep, undreaming sleep.

From this he was awakened, after what seemed but a moment, to find the shadows lengthening till they all but touched the indigo water of the Cove. Eddie Jewett's hand tugged at his sleeve.

"Come on, Doc. Do a little roadwork."

"Roadwork?"

"Got to get it in some time," Eddie explained. "Nice and cool now, and it'll be a good way to work up an appetite for dinner."

Argument did not avail. Overruled, Winship ascended to his room and once more went through the processes of disrobing and rearrayal, processes in which, he reflected morosely, pugilists evidently must spend the major fraction of their lives. In shorts and jersey, presently, he jog-trotted at Eddie's heels along the strip of sand hard-beaten by the ebbing tide.

Following this pathway, the runners came, after some distance, around a wooded point, putting to startled flight a family of sandpipers in the very act of being photographed by Artie Maybury and Cecelia Mellish.

Miss Mellish looked up with austere displeasure. Almost instantly, however, this look became less displeased and decidedly less austere. It acquired a relenting quality that reminded Winship uneasily of Eddie's coarse allusions to biology. It dwelt upon him, too, with startled question, demanding explanation of his costume and behavior. Before, however, he had found an answer, Cecelia appeared to find one of her own. Her face brightened with understanding and approval. She nodded.

LIGHT broke in on Winship. She assumed, naturally, that all this was merely part of the program for Eddie's regeneration. Adopting Eddie's philosophy, he made no effort to enlighten her.

"What happened to you last night?" she demanded. "Arthur and I were dreadfully worried when you didn't meet us at the Trocadero."

"Oh, was that the name of the place?" Eddie's intervention came to the rescue as Winship's wits groped vainly. "We couldn't remember it to save our lives, could we, Doc?"

Winship hesitated only a moment. Minor deceptions, in circumstances such as these, were justifiable. He shook his head.

"I knew that must be it. I told you, Arthur, didn't I?"

Mr. Maybury nodded. Meeting this young man's eyes, Winship found there a look wholly unlike that with which, last night, Artie had regarded him. It came to Winship that there had been jealousy in last night's look, a blend, at any rate, of enmity, distrust and fear. This present look held none of these. It was friendly, it seemed to take heart, to be vaguely hopeful.

"We looked for you everywhere," Cecelia said. "We even went to that dreadful place of—of Nevada Sullivan's!"

HER voice had the effect of drawing aside to escape defiling contact with the name. Observing Artie's face, Winship saw it undergo a curious distortion.

"We were there a while, too," Eddie said carelessly. "Too bad we missed you." He nodded and would have moved on. Cecelia stopped him.

"I wish you'd come over this evening," she said. "Ethelbert Leffingwell Pfitz will be there and I'm so anxious to have you both meet him—especially you, Doctor Winship. You know his work, of course?"

Disingenuously Winship shook his head. He had heard of Mr. Pfitz and of Mr. Pfitz's theory that only through the medium of pure mathematics could poetry find its noblest expression. He had no desire to know Mr. Pfitz; indeed, he discovered, he vigorously desired not to know him.

"Really? How strange! Surely you know that haunting thing he calls Stage Setting for the Cube Root of Pi i?—the one that begins like this."

Lowering her voice to quotation level, she intoned raptly:

. . "*A complex plane,*
Starry with vectors;
Under a radical
Pi, beside
Impossibility's
Bleak symbol,
—i!"

Again, decisively, Winship shook his head. Starry with vectors! Balderdash! The fellow might be a poet, but a mathematician? Pah!

"Then you simply *must* come! And

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"I must explain—" he began. The fine brows arched. "Why should you?"

He closed his hands into small, tight fists and embarked upon a movement that bore a distant, ghostly likeness to a trot

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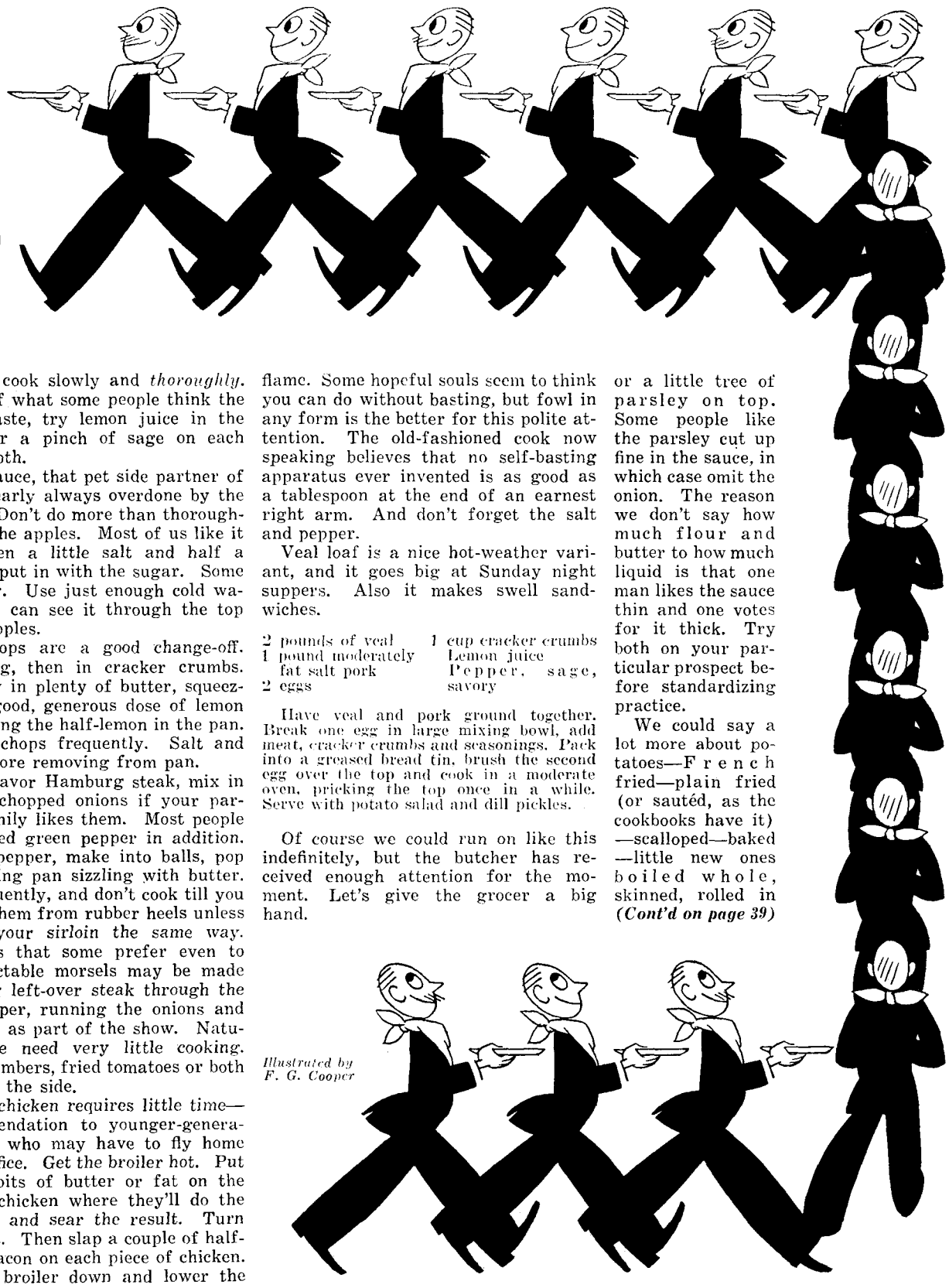
Men eat it up

You can be a good cook, on the well-known way to a man's heart, without fussing over a lot of elaborate recipes. Most men yearn for simple food. And here are simple ways to cook it

By Betty Thornley Stuart



IF THE way to a man's heart is often through his stomach, the way to his head is generally through his pocketbook. Marriage today has to be a head as well as a heart affair, if it's to last, especially in these troublous times since the market went back on us. Cooking is one of the few accomplishments that get to both destinations—one of the even fewer that men can't manage for themselves. Most modern girls haven't seen the light; they think it's enough to be decorative, with a spindly little career on the side. And that's one reason why a whole lot of modern boys daren't take the plunge.

Cooking isn't difficult, and it doesn't take a wholesale chunk out of anybody's life to learn—not the kind men like. What the average man yearns for is simple food, expertly handled. Our girl doesn't need a whole fat cookbook at her fingertips. What she wants is a sort of kindergarten assortment of general principles that can be absorbed in half a day by anyone with brains, plus a few foundation recipes that she can vary half a dozen ways each. When she has these nailed down, she's no longer afraid of the subject and can post-grad or improvise as far as she likes.

What man doesn't chortle over a big juicy beefsteak? Yet the usual steak dished up to the usual man ought to be served in a crape border.

Beefsteak should be broiled, not fried—thick, not thin. Get the oven *good and hot*. Sear the steak under the flame, turn and repeat. Lower the flame and don't forget to turn the steak frequently. Salt and pepper a second before removing from broiler. Be sure the platter and the plates are *hot*.

Lamb chops should be broiled, not fried—and cooked quickly. Proceed as for steak, except to leave the flame high.

Pork chops should be fried. Turn often and cook slowly and *thoroughly*. To take off what some people think the too-rich taste, try lemon juice in the cooking, or a pinch of sage on each chop, or both.

Apple sauce, that pet side partner of pork, is nearly always overdone by the amateur. Don't do more than thoroughly soften the apples. Most of us like it better when a little salt and half a lemon are put in with the sugar. Some like ginger. Use just enough cold water so you can see it through the top layer of apples.

Veal chops are a good change-off. Dip in egg, then in cracker crumbs. Fry slowly in plenty of butter, squeezing on a good, generous dose of lemon juice, leaving the half-lemon in the pan. Turn the chops frequently. Salt and pepper before removing from pan.

If you favor Hamburg steak, mix in plenty of chopped onions if your particular family likes them. Most people like chopped green pepper in addition. Salt and pepper, make into balls, pop into a frying pan sizzling with butter. Turn frequently, and don't cook till you can't tell them from rubber heels unless you like your sirloin the same way. Meat balls that some prefer even to these delectable morsels may be made by putting left-over steak through the meat chopper, running the onions and the pepper as part of the show. Naturally these need very little cooking. Fried cucumbers, fried tomatoes or both go well on the side.

Broiled chicken requires little time—a recommendation to younger-generation cooks who may have to fly home from an office. Get the broiler hot. Put generous bits of butter or fat on the pieces of chicken where they'll do the most good and sear the result. Turn and repeat. Then slap a couple of half-slices of bacon on each piece of chicken. Move the broiler down and lower the flame. Some hopeful souls seem to think you can do without basting, but fowl in any form is the better for this polite attention. The old-fashioned cook now speaking believes that no self-basting apparatus ever invented is as good as a tablespoon at the end of an earnest right arm. And don't forget the salt and pepper.

Veal loaf is a nice hot-weather variant, and it goes big at Sunday night suppers. Also it makes swell sandwiches.

2 pounds of veal
1 pound moderately fat salt pork
2 eggs
1 cup cracker crumbs
Lemon juice
Pepper, sage, savory

Have veal and pork ground together. Break one egg in large mixing bowl, add meat, cracker crumbs and seasonings. Pack into a greased bread tin, brush the second egg over the top and cook in a moderate oven, pricking the top once in a while. Serve with potato salad and dill pickles.

Of course we could run on like this indefinitely, but the butcher has received enough attention for the moment. Let's give the grocer a big hand.

Mashed potatoes are among the hardest things to find in edible form. Cut the potatoes into several pieces, cook in boiling salted water till a fork penetrates easily—but don't let them get mushy. This takes about ten minutes. Drain, put through the ricer into a bowl heated with the water used in cooking, add a lump of butter as big as your conscience will allow, a little cream, or more if you feel reckless, twice as much salt as you think they'll stand, pepper to taste. Beat thoroughly till they fluff up. Pile in a hot dish—and watch them melt! If there's any left, shape into flat cakes and fry quickly, brown and crispy top and bottom, to chaperon the breakfast bacon.

For creamed potatoes, dice and boil as above. Make a sauce that begins with a lump of butter melted in a saucepan, with finely chopped onions cooked in it till tender. Put in flour to thicken, then add milk, or cream and water, letting the balance fall according to your purse. Salt and pepper, stir till it thickens, pour over the potatoes in a hot dish and don't forget a dash of paprika or a little tree of parsley on top. Some people like the parsley cut up fine in the sauce, in which case omit the onion. The reason we don't say how much flour and butter to how much liquid is that one man likes the sauce thin and one votes for it thick. Try both on your particular prospect before standardizing practice.

We could say a lot more about potatoes—French fried—plain fried (or sautéd, as the cookbooks have it)—scalloped—baked—little new ones boiled whole, skinned, rolled in

(Cont'd on page 39)

Illustrated by F. G. Cooper

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Elsie, like Sweet Alice, trembled with delighted fear at his frown, and to tell the truth, he frowned at her but seldom

Finish it Yourself

A story of the steadfast virtues which illumine the lives of commonplace people and make of them a pageant and a panorama. Romance? None better

By Edward L. McKenna

REAL stories, true stories only begin. Even the stories we tell our children do not finish; our voices drone on, in the darkened room, until at last our drowsy hearers are asleep. Tomorrow they will hear the end, so they think. But tomorrow a new story begins, and the old one is forgotten.

Three years ago, in Paris, there was a young man. Young—well, he was twenty-seven, and that's not so young, especially for a Greek. His name was Paul Simonides; he was born in Athens. A very short, slim fellow he was, and his eyes were black and sharp, and his body was almost too quick and too graceful. He spoke good English, as well as three other languages.

According to his own story, he'd been almost everywhere, and had done almost everything. He'd been a bank clerk; he'd worked on a newspaper, in Athens; he'd been a peddler in North Africa, and a waiter in London; he'd been in Spain, and in Italy, and in Austria, working always as he went along.

In Paris he was selling automobile tours—tours to the battlefields, trips to Versailles and Malmaison, tours about the city by day and by night.

People who are annoyed by the sellers of postal cards and the other street peddlers of Paris should consider this: in France, they protect their native labor. A foreigner must get a police card promptly, but it takes him a long time to get a card that permits him to work. Consequently, the penniless man finds himself in pressing difficulties. Even if he is French he has his own troubles. Paris isn't really such a gay city. Go along the boulevards late at night and see the people sitting on the stone benches, too broken in spirit even to beg. They sit there, and the crowds pass them by; they're homeless, and hungry, but no one stops to give them anything. So many old people there are, too, and so many young ones. It's a sad town, but then all the old towns are sad towns.

THEY don't seem to know what a drawing-account is, in Paris. Most salesmen work strictly on commission. Room and breakfast cost less than fifty cents, it's true. But if you have no worker's card there's only one place to get that fifty cents, and that's from transients more prosperous than yourself.

Now, Paul Simonides could, and did, take parties out to Père Lachaise, or Montmartre Cemetery, or to St. Denis, or the Tomb of Napoleon, or to any of the harmless and historical places. At night, his regular tour was respectable enough—he'd take his tourists to the Moulin Rouge, to the Mosque, to the Moulin à Galette, to the Caveaux, and perhaps to a night club. However, he knew the wicked places, too, and he'd whisper to his clients that perhaps, after the ladies left, there might be another sort of expedition for those who were interested.

That's the sort of person this Paul Simonides had become, you see. Well, all you can say is that if you make it hard for a man to make a decent living, he is apt to make whatever sort of living he can. People have to eat.

He was a tough little rooster, at that. The Rue Lapp is no doubt decorated up a bit for travelers, in spots; still, the economical French would never think of using whole squads of police just for scenic effects. Simonides would step jauntily into any joint in the Rue Lapp, at any hour. "Select your place," he'd say, with a histrionic wave of the hand. He'd be drinking, too, and conducting three or four adventurous and alcoholic Americans into some of the dives around the Bastille district is not work for a timid man. He carried a gun, he had a pair of brass knuckles, and he

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weighed at least a hundred and eighteen pounds with all his artillery.

It's difficult to say just what sophistication is, if you're sure that you haven't it yourself, and that, on the whole, you'd rather be without it. At any rate, this young Greek had a blithe confidence in himself, and a great and touching belief in his own prowess. He considered himself a man of the world, a man who couldn't be shocked, or frightened, or surprised.

As for his manners, they were so ostentatious as to be a little distressing. He'd make any lady apprehensive by his polite attentions; he was forever leaping forward to pull out a chair, or to grasp an elbow or offer an arm; he could snap his fingers with a good loud snap, and his mien to waiters and bartenders was imperial. His clothes were extreme, even for Paris; they were very cheap, too, of course. Still, he had a passion for cleanliness; he swam every morning during the summer in the Seine, and his shirts and collars were always fresh, though he was fond of some very peculiar colors.

Perhaps you are thinking to yourself that this Paul Simonides was a bit of a bounder, as the Rhodes scholars say, and probably you are quite right. Nevertheless, the man had hungers which were not cheap, which were not vulgar. He had a great eagerness to learn. He'd watch a wealthy man, or an aristocrat, and strive to imitate his bearing. He wanted to be a gentleman; indeed, he believed himself to be one. Such, indeed, as his taste was, he had an enthusiasm for art and for music, for good food and good wine.

In a way, he realized the shoddiness of his life; at times, it filled him with a sick disgust. "It is formidable," he'd say; that was his great phrase, for many things. The tomb of Oscar Wilde was formidable; so was the Winged Victory; so was the inscription "In this house, the painter Ingres died." Things were formidable to this young man; people were not. His seething thoughts, his youth, his gnawing discontent, the grinding poverty which forced him to do ignoble things—all these were formidable to him. He had a restless foot, a restless mind, and the energy which is the cause of progress and of crime.

NATURALLY, he despised everything American except American money. Americans were naïve, he said—this little boy out of the gutter who thought himself experienced because he'd seen the Rue Lapp, the Rue Chabanais, the Rue Blondel, the Rue de la Lune, the venal viciousness of twenty towns. All his life he'd had to resort to pitiful expedients to make a few cents; still, with one sweeping gesture, he dismissed the whole American people. A naïve people, a gullible people, at once extravagant and grasping and boorish and stupid, he said.

Of course, he didn't know that he was seeing the traveling American, who, as a general thing, is a most unpleasant person. All travelers are selfish, and the particular ones who step into the sight-seeing busses are usually those who, having hoarded up a few dollars, are now spending them in one magnificent but parsimonious spree. It's got to last them all their lives, and they'll have to tell the folks back home how all the foreigners tried to cheat them, but they were too much for them. It's little wonder that any sensible European, observing these pinchbeck Marco Polos, should say to himself, "If these are the sort of people who make money in the United States, what a land of opportunity it must be!"

So it came to young Mr. Simonides that if only he could get to this country, whose inhabitants were so obviously stupid, he'd be in a fair way to make his million dollars, like the others.

That wasn't an easy winter, two years ago, in Paris. It was desperately cold, and business wasn't good, particularly for the sidewalk salesmen. They shivered and starved, and prayed for spring. Somehow, Simonides made his way to Nice, but even Nice was not so hot, and he was hungry, many a day.

Now, under the quota laws, there are various ways for a Frenchman to get to the United States, and none of them is too easy. One of the methods is to marry an American girl as a preface to securing a preference-quota visa.

As an enlightened man and a desultory student of philosophy, Simonides valued his freedom. He didn't believe in love—permanent love, that is. However, he'd made up his mind to see the Statue of Liberty, come rack, come rope.

His American girl got into his bus one fine August morning. She was a mighty nice girl, too, tall and blooming, and thirty-four years old. Up to the time she met Paul Simonides, her principal worry was calories. Like so many of her crazy sisters, she had an idea that if she ever got to weigh a hundred and fifty pounds nobody would like her any more. She was five feet seven, and her bathroom scales said a hundred and forty-six every time she stepped upon them, which was often. What a good thing it is that in antiquity there were no bathroom scales, else there would have been no Crouching Venus, no Hera, no Winged Victory.

Pretty? No, she wasn't so pretty. Homely? Why, she certainly wasn't homely. Just a nice white girl, that was all; just the sort you may be yourself, lady: no cups for beauty contests on the buffet, and no cause for tears and repining when you look into a mirror or your sweetheart's eyes. Good-looking women? We may be naïve, nay, we may be uncouth, but we can walk from the post office to the five-and-ten and see more good-looking girls than you can see in the civilized world in a year. Tall, lean Englishmen and dynamic Spaniards visit us and say, "You coddle your women; you spoil them." Sure we do, and who'd blame us?

WAS this girl stupid? Why, certainly, she was stupid enough. Somehow, her mother got her through normal school, and then Elsie—her name was Elsie—taught the One-A and the One-B. And put her two kid sisters through, and they taught the One-A and the One-B. There wasn't much sense to it. It was all pretty futile, to one who sees things in a large way. Of course, their mother, who was widowed when she was forty-two, didn't think it was so futile. She had three girls she was proud of; she was more comfortably situated than she'd ever been while Papa was alive. Also, being pretty dumb herself, the poor old lady didn't know what futility means, and as for frustration, she'd never heard of it. You'd be surprised to know what a lot of people there are like that in this country.

Well, Elsie was thirty-four years old, and a mighty nice girl, as has been said. Being in a business where she didn't meet many men, she'd had great hopes of her trip to Europe. Unfortunately, nearly all the men who were traveling

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Illustrated by Joseph M. Clement

"Give him my love. And—and tell him I know he didn't do it. And that—and that I'm relieved to know that he's only in this kind of trouble"

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Tough as Velvet

You may have seen him in Five Star Final, in Smart Money or in Little Cæsar. He's a pretty sinister-looking individual—a villain in spats. You'd never guess that Edward G. Robinson is an artist in disguise. But that's his story

By John B. Kennedy

White Photo

Edward G. Robinson: Left, in Little Cæsar, one of the first gangster pictures; Right, in the Broadway success, The Kibitzer

DICK BARTHELMESS was going to Cuba to make a picture. He had just astonished the motion-picture world, which regarded him as a satiny juvenile, by his portrayal of Thomas Burke's heroic Chink in Limehouse Nights, which David Wark Griffith called something else, as a result of which Thomas Burke called David Wark Griffith much more. Barthelmess wanted somebody to do the heavy character stuff opposite his own conventional heroics as a pleasant-faced American leading man.

Mr. Barthelmess considered all the available faces and finally picked on the frontispiece owned and copyrighted under the birth certificate of Edward G. Robinson. Mr. Barthelmess assembled his company at the dock, including a young man nearing thirty and what he thought was his approach to big, easy money. That company was transported to Cuba. Cameras were duly set in motion, and against a background of palm fronds, neo-Spanish battlements and Sloppy Joe's, a celluloid drama was wound and unwound. At the end of this the result was projected in a dingy room in a dingy building. Mr. Barthelmess gazed thereon and pronounced it good. He could hardly do any less since each scene showed him disposing of snaky villains with finesse. But one of the snaky villains also saw that picture. He made what is technically called a wry face, most readily achieved by distending the nostrils and lowering the under lip until it touches whatever there may be of a chin.

"If this is a picture," said the wry face's owner, "I'm going back to the stage. I don't belong in pictures."

Unethical as it may be to reveal a secret ahead of time, we none the less announce, to save space, that the wry face's owner was Edward G. Robinson.

Ten years ago it was his judgment that he didn't belong in pictures. Look at him now.

He's swarthy, athletic, although he weighs only 150 pounds. And that is not wastable weight when a man is thirty-eight and five feet seven and a half. Until he speaks you regard him as what the pictures would have you believe—a heavy-mouthed, sinister racketeer. But when he talks in that off-screen voice you realize that Edward G. Robinson in plain-clothes life is nothing to interest a plain-clothes man. He's a soft-spoken student, an artist who's as much surprised as the next one at his success in the talkies and as much determined as anyone to get what's coming in the form of pecuniary reward, and then to settle back and live his true rôle as an artist.

"The vogue for my type—the bespatted bad-man type of character," he said, "will pass. I want to collect while it's going and then I can return to that place where few suspect I came from—the real theater."

He said this before and after taking one of the wildest acclaims an entertainer could expect. For it was summer weather, cloudless and hot. There were all kinds of distractions to compete with the appearance of a Hollywood star, *in person*, at a neighborhood theater in Harlem. But whatever competed did not compete with sufficient magnetism to draw a crowd of thousands away from the lobby and stage entrance of that theater. When Edward G. Robinson emerged, men, women and children jammed the sidewalk and the hummocks of a gas-main excavation to look at him and give him a friendly cheer as he strode, in double-breasted blue serge, to a car waiting to take him for a similar appearance, in person, at another neighborhood theater.

The Ideal Gangster

He worked both playhouses twice a day, with extra appearances on Thursdays and Saturdays, plus handball and a swim at an athletic club. The same crowd, numerically, awaited him each time. The ordinary verdict on evidence of such acclaim would be that Edward G. Robinson is popular. Mr. Robinson interposes an objection, or, at least, a qualification.

"I'm the ideal gangster in the mass mind," he says. "The mass mind will change. Then I'll try to be the ideal something else."

Really, it's unnecessary to go further to explain Mr. Robinson. But we will.

Hark back, then, to the years immediately following the war. There was a young man and he wanted to be an actor. He was among five brothers, all of them imbued with the ambition to be successful business men. Tacitly, they agreed that an actor could be supported by such a family. A tacit way of proclaiming what such a family thought of an actor.

It was pointed out to Mr. Robinson that since his older brothers were taking to trade, against which he was rather vociferously averse, he might make something out of the voice that was still acknowledged as a family gift because it was rarely stilled—if he became a trial lawyer.

This was impressed on members of the family by an old actor they knew—one whom young Robinson greatly admired. The veteran had a marvelously deep and resonant voice plus an excellent opinion of what he could have done and how far he could have climbed had he, instead of declaiming to footlights, made juries his audiences. This point suffered somewhat when the veteran actor was hauled into court on an alienation-of-affection suit, to find that his rolling basso influenced the jury only to the extent of socking him with an embarrassing verdict.

Young Mr. Robinson argued no further against the law as a profession. He got a job. It was at a neighborhood playhouse, whither he repaired without advising the family. He played three parts in one piece; one an old man, one a bell boy and one a policeman. The versatility of his talent did not escape the notice of a neighborhood dramatic critic who wrote a piece for his paper: "The old man was too old," it said; "the bell boy too boisterous, and if a policeman with a face like that had his beat on our block, we'd move."

This gave Mr. Robinson something to think about. He had a face. Most of us think about our faces at some time of life. As a rule, we think how we can improve them; unless we happen to be gifted, like Bull Montana or Marilyn Miller. Then improvement becomes an academic question. At that, if anybody were really offered a swap in faces with anybody else, anybody would decline; because somehow, with all their faults, we love our faces.

The Door to Fame

Young Mr. Robinson loved his. He loves it yet, although stage experience has convinced him that others don't share this affection. In brief, he's catalogued by casting directors as a striking expression of the sinister type. And a face that began by being his misfortune, professionally, proceeded to pay dividends.

Not at first, of course. It seldom happens early in life. Robinson cut the corners by centering his ambition on a door that was better known to opportunity than to actors. The wise boys of the profession stocked the lobbies of the Lambs and the Friars, talking about how they wowed 'em in their last jobs, which were so far in the past that nobody remembered, or how they'd wow 'em in their next jobs, so far in the future that nobody cared.

A few earnest students of the drama, Robinson being one, shunned actors' hang-outs to join the earnest group passing through the door just mentioned, which in all cases led them to experiment and in some cases to fame. The modest tag on that door was "Theater Guild."

(Continued on page 34)

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The Red Czar

Here is a picture of Russia after the February Revolution. It is a scene of chaos in which only two men—Lenin and his loyal henchman, Stalin—move with assurance toward a fixed goal. These were the conditions in which Stalin's training became effective in deciding the fate of a nation

By Essad Bey

Press Cliche, Moscow

The Kshezinskaya palace at St. Petersburg, from which Lenin directed his party's activities after his return from banishment

AT LAST, after long years of patient waiting and longing, the Revolution broke out! Even for the leaders, Lenin, Trotsky and Stalin, it came as a complete surprise!

Overnight, as it were, the wretched exiled leaders of the large and small revolutionary groups blossomed into world politicians standing out conspicuously in the public eye of Europe, America and Asia. To this new and unexpected position the revolutionary leaders brought a confused program, which had suddenly become worthless, and the experiences of long years of banishment, squabbles in exile, conspiracies, Exes, and secret propaganda. Thus equipped they expected to rule a great empire like Russia in the middle of the greatest war in history!

Stalin could get no reliable information as to events, for he was busy making his way down Siberian rivers, across steppes, over tundras and through forests, from his place of banishment to his home in the south.

His goal was the Caucasus, whither exiled revolutionaries were daily returning. From Siberia or from the mountains in its immediate neighborhood, there emerged old half-forgotten conspirators who had been living in banishment or lurking in some secret lair for years. They were welcomed with open arms by the people and by the new authorities and hailed as the future rulers of the new state and members of the legislative assembly. Stalin hurried back to the Caucasus as eagerly as a horse returns to its old familiar stable.

But the old stable had been rebuilt and the old door did not open to him!

One day, together with a number of other revolutionaries, he alighted from the train on the platform of the Tiflis station and to his consternation received a very cold welcome. A clean sweep had been made of the old Bolsheviks. The Mensheviks, the new rulers of Tiflis, looked with anything but a friendly eye on Comrade Koba, whose exploits they remembered only too well.

Stalin strode sullenly through the streets of Tiflis, went to see his mother, who was still a dressmaker, contemplated the red flags, the symbols of his revolution and racked his brains in desperation to discover what he, the Bolshevik, could now do in his native land. Conspiracies, Exes, secret propaganda, all activities in which he was a past master and to which he had devoted his whole life were no longer fashionable. But it was imperative for him to link himself up somehow with the Revolution. Angrily smoking his pipe, he strode through the streets searching for what he wanted, his mind set on finding a solution.

He was openly boycotted by the Mensheviks, and malicious paragraphs appeared in the newspapers warning people against "the criminal elements" in the population who were trying to profit by the Revolution. The little band of Tiflis Bolsheviks, who had been almost obliterated, had but scant chance of rallying round Stalin. And only a few days after his arrival Stalin again strode savagely to the station with his pipe between his teeth. The disgrace of those first few days had been more than he could bear; his first enthusiastic impression of the Revolution had faded and, bitterly disappointed, with a malevolent gleam in his little eyes he boarded the train and went to St. Petersburg, the capital of the Revolution.

At that time St. Petersburg was like a madhouse. The old idols had been cast down. They had fallen without a struggle. An insignificant mutiny in the army, skillfully exploited by the politicians, had been enough to sweep away a monarchy established for centuries. In the palace where only a few months previously a mysterious monk had ruled the country, there sat the "free ministers of Russia." Men who a few days before had been feared, all-powerful ministers, generals, governors and police officials, had been turned into frightened, trembling prisoners.

And above the whole of Russia rose the meteoric figure of the new ruler, the man who had brought about the Revolution and intended to be its leader. Everywhere the fame of Alexander Feodorovich Kerensky was blazed abroad. This short, stubby man with bristly hair and insignificant features was the ruler of all Czardom. Soldiers, members of the Duma, bankers, the bourgeoisie, the peasants and even the ministers he had overthrown acclaimed and applauded him.

Kerensky Will Save Russia!

The dethroned Czar, who was in custody, wrote in his diary, "Kerensky is the only man who can save Russia." The peasants came from their villages to gaze open-mouthed at the new ruler, Kerensky. The whole country hailed him, the whole country was happy. It had found the new idol it wanted. Kerensky moved into the Winter Palace and slept in the Czar's bedroom.

It was in this raving, singing, cheering, unrecognizable city of St. Petersburg, full of thoughts of victory, that Stalin arrived after the Caucasian non-Bolshevik revolutionaries had slammed the door in his face. In a little room in Basseinaya Street he set to work to collect the few Bolsheviks who, in the city itself, in the factories and in exile, had remained faithful to the party.

Stalin and Kameniev were now the only recognized leaders, the only men capable of guiding the destinies of the party until the arrival of the mass of Bolshevik exiles. In conjunction with Kameniev, Stalin took over the publication of the *Pravda*, the famous Bolshevik journal, and together they plunged into the revolutionary struggle. But Stalin regarded the conflict as hopeless, and this short period when he was in sole command of the party does not constitute one of the most creditable chapters of his life.

The February Revolution of 1917 was a bourgeois, or middle-class, revolution, engineered by the middle-class intelligentsia. The Bolsheviks had no hand in it. After the first few weeks, two governments held power, the Kerensky Provisional Government and the Soviet (or Council) of soldiers and workers, in which the Georgian Mensheviks, Stalin's old enemies, were paramount.

Stalin and Kameniev did everything in their power to get the fundamental principles of Leninism, including Pacifism, accepted. They were hissed and laughed to scorn. The Soviet, too, wished to carry on the war to a victorious end. On the 12th of April, Kameniev laid the first Bolshevik resolution before the All-Russian Soviet. Fifty-seven voted in favor, 325 against. These figures show how little influence the Bolsheviks exercised before the advent of Lenin.

The policy outlined by Stalin in the *Pravda* was founded on old and obsolete Bolshevik principles which were no longer in keeping with the demands of the times. But neither Stalin nor Kameniev was capable of altering the program of his own accord, nor had they any wish to do so.

From the practical point of view, however, Stalin still showed consummate ability, even in these days when he was called upon to shoulder such heavy responsibilities. Time was passing by, revolutionary enthusiasm was abating, and the war was not yet won. Stalin Bolsheviks began to criticize the new state of affairs and agitated in favor of a "democratic peace." Cries of "Down with the War!" were heard and similar phrases began to appear more and more frequently in their speeches. In simple elementary essays, hints were thrown out of a demand for "social changes." Among the soldiers and workers in the capital there was a visible increase in the number of Bolsheviks, and yet during the first two months of the Revolution the Bolshevik Party remained in the background.

But in spite of temporary triumphs, the circulation of the *Pravda* declined, and the soldiers, who one moment were lending an eager ear to Bolshevik leaders, were the next moment found cheering Kerensky and the Mensheviks with even greater enthusiasm.

One dismal evening, after the leaders had made fruitless speeches in the Soviet and knew for certain that the circulation of the *Pravda* had hopelessly declined, a short telegram was dispatched to Lenin in Zurich. "Situation desperate. Bolshevism declining. Further work useless." The message was signed Stalin and Kameniev.

A Job for the Master Mind

Lenin's reply came on the 16th of April in the shape of a railway carriage which on that day bore Vladimir Lenin, the supreme head of all the Bolsheviks, into the Finland railway station in St. Petersburg after long years of exile. The capital had at that time grown accustomed to the arrival of banished revolutionary leaders, but the reception arranged by Stalin and Kameniev for the master outshone anything that had yet taken place. Huge crowds assembled outside the station—soldiers, workmen, Bolsheviks and unemployed; everybody wished to see and hear the hero whose arrival had been so widely advertised.

At the entrance, surrounded by crowds of people, was an armored car. Lenin climbed on to the roof of it and shouted the following amazing words to the mob: "Long live the Social Revolution! All power to the Soviets! Rob back what has been robbed from you!"

A few days later Lenin's first article appeared in the *Pravda*, and in it he declared that the February Revolution had been only the first stage in the Russian Revolution and was to be followed by the war of the proletariat, or working classes, against the bourgeoisie, or middle classes. The article concluded with the slogan which led Lenin to victory: "Stop the imperialistic war and start the civil war of the Social Revolution!"

In the face of the crowd of newcomers, Stalin's influence and fame were for a while eclipsed. The man who until that day had been the only great Communist in Russia, the recognized leader and most prominent member of the Caucasian and Russian party organizations, was suddenly forced to retire into the background before the crowd of intellectual exiles who for years had been cut off from Russia and had been living at various headquarters in western Europe.

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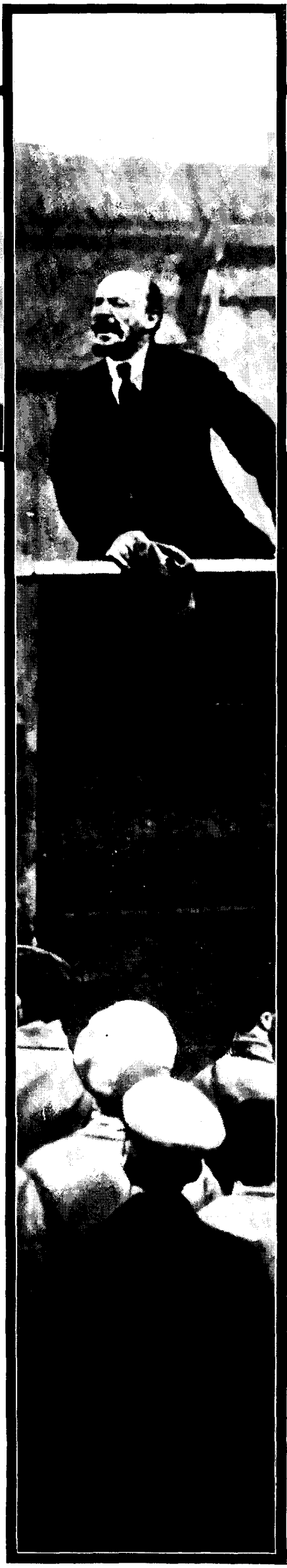
Keystone

Alexander Kerensky, the military leader whose "reign of reason" was ended by Bolshevik plotting



Underwood & Underwood

Joseph Stalin, the powerful Bolshevist agitator and organizer who emerged as Russia's supreme ruler

Stalin was much too old and experienced a Bolshevik, however, to allow himself to be tempted to insubordination. He was forced into the background merely because the seniors in the party had taken up their rightful positions. To Lenin he rendered unquestioning obedience. But deep down in the depths of his simple Caucasian soul he was filled with a primitive loathing of the distinguished exiles who had spent most of their lives in quarrels and recriminations in Paris, Capri, Geneva and elsewhere, while their less distinguished comrades were tramping the endless highways of Siberia.

Communism's Darkest Days

The members of the Bolshevik Party, the leaders and fighters, were finding their position far from easy. The seizure of power, which Lenin had prophesied, seemed even to the most radical members of the party an unattainable ideal. The old discipline of the party forced everybody to lend a helping hand, but in their hearts of hearts even the supreme leaders, even Lenin himself, doubted whether the seizure and permanent retention of power would ever be possible. The only man who never doubted was Stalin. Lenin had announced the forthcoming dictatorship of the party, consequently the dictatorship must be realized. The god of the party could not err! Any who doubted the truth of his prophecy could not be real Communists or disciplined fighters.

All who at this period came in touch with Stalin were impressed by his fanatical, almost mystic, faith in coming victory. One day Stalin met an old prison mate, the Menshevik Vereshschak, at one of the Soviet meetings. Vereshschak had just returned from exile and when he heard what the new Bolshevik program was he began to pour out a torrent of reproaches on the head of his old colleague, Stalin. "You are destroying the Revolution!" he exclaimed. "You are striving after dictatorship!"

Stalin listened compassionately as one listens to an ignorant child. "Listen!" he said with a smile. "We shall certainly attain to power. Nothing can stop us. You had far better become a Bolshevik too, while there is yet time. A few months hence I shall only be able to employ you as my footman, and even that I shall do only for old acquaintance' sake."

The worthy Menshevik was both angered and touched. There was something demoniacal in Stalin's firm faith, though it seemed to be founded on air. The revolutionary parties in Russia had good reason for regarding his conviction at this time as a form of harmless lunacy. In spite of Lenin's arrival and the new program, the Bolsheviks were far from being in a strong position.

As late as June, shortly before the first Bolshevik insurrection, Lenin appeared before the first Peasants' Congress and his agrarian policy was rejected root and branch. "We shall seize the reins of power!" he declared, in spite of this rebuff. The assembled people replied not with indignant speeches, resolutions or protests but with roars of laughter. The possibility of the Bolsheviks really coming into power at that time seemed utterly fantastic.

The power, the real power, lay in the hands of the soldiers, who were sauntering idly about the streets, and who for the life of them did not know what to do with it. As a matter of fact everybody did just as he chose, for there was no such thing as punishment. Plundering, gambling and drinking increased to an alarming degree. Soldiers pushed generals and ministers off the pavement, and Lenin rubbed his hands with glee. The revolutionary spirit was obviously growing! For instance, without fear of consequences, he himself moved with his staff into the little palace belonging to the dancer Kshezinskaya, the Czar's mistress, and thus violated all the traditional concepts regarding the right of private property.

Preparing the New Revolution

In the old days a few policemen would have been sent to arrest him and there the matter would have ended, but now the provisional government was not even able to show this modest sign of strength. Its only strength lay in Kerensky's powers of persuasion, but for all the effect his arguments had on Lenin he might have spared himself the pains. The interminable controversy over the dancer's palace constitutes almost the only humorous interlude on the eve of the downfall of a whole world.

The Bolsheviks alone of all the revolutionary parties pursued a different path. They alone saw their way clearly, in the troubled waters, and knew that the mutinous revolts among the soldiers which started the Revolution could end only in a class war for power. "You have sucked our blood, now we shall suck yours," was the mighty cry shouted through the streets of St. Petersburg. The Bolsheviks now spread it far and wide, and it met with ever-growing response.

The tactics of the conspiracy leading up to the Bolshevik revolution have been clearly described by Stalin. The first prerequisite was the separation of the working masses from the other socialistic parties. The mistakes of the Social Democrats and the Social Revolutionaries were skillfully and demagogically exploited. These parties had postponed the fulfillment of their program until the meeting of the Legislative Assembly. The Bolsheviks therefore declared that they had abandoned their program and were betraying the people.

This done, the Bolsheviks began to storm the various soviets in which the Social Revolutionaries and the Social Democrats had hitherto played a leading part. In Lenin's opinion the soviets, that is to say the councils of soldiers and workmen, were the most powerful instruments available for the Revolution.

Bolshevism Makes Its Stand

At the editorial offices of the *Pravda* in Basseinaya Street people were constantly going in and out. Stalin, the editor, paced up and down the room with long, rapid strides. The article he had begun was not yet finished and he was not in the mood to finish it. Somewhere the presses were waiting for his article. Somewhere Lenin was discussing plans for a great demonstration. Stalin took a large Finnish dagger from his pocket and in clumsy fashion began to sharpen a pencil. The great demonstration arranged for the 17th of June had been organized by the soviets. On that day all the Socialist parties, the Mensheviks, the "League," the "Party of Unity," the Social Revolutionaries, the "Plekhanov Party" and the Bolsheviks were to gather in the streets of St. Petersburg and publicly declare their attitude towards the offensive on the German eastern front which Kerensky had agreed to make as a concession to the Allied Powers.

Stalin continued to sharpen his pencil. In obedience to Lenin's orders, he was to draw up the party manifesto for the demonstration. It was to be addressed to all the soldiers and workers in St. Petersburg. Various comrades were sitting about the room and clouds of cigarette smoke rose to the ceiling. Stalin reseated himself at his table.

"The Council of State which provided the Czar with his best hangmen," he wrote, "is at this very moment drawing a treacherous noose. For what purpose? To throw it at the right moment around the neck of the working classes to the unbounded delight of the Allies."

Lenin knew what he was doing when he entrusted Stalin with the task of drawing up the Bolshevik manifesto. In their objective simplicity, Stalin's mentality and mode of expression were those of the masses. The sentence about the noose and the hangmen made a furor. Stalin closed his manifesto with the following slogans, which the workers were expected to inscribe on their banners on the day of the demonstration:

"Down with the War! Down with the Ministers! Down with the Offensive! Down with the counter-Revolution! Down with the Duma!" etc. A

(Continued on page 42)

Keystone

Lenin, the guiding genius of Bolshevism, haranguing his followers at a Moscow demonstration in 1917

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Title Roles

Of all the current sports champions Max Schmeling stands the best chance of retaining his crown this year, for the simple reason that he has practically no competitors. But there will be plenty of competition in golf, tennis and baseball, Mr. Rice predicts as he gazes into the crystal ball of 1932

By Grantland Rice

TO STEP out and win a sports crown is no cherry-picking job in this competitive age. And it is an even harder thing to step out again and defend the crown you have won, thereby preventing a swarm of rivals from kicking it over your left ear. The true test of the champion is to win and then repeat, as Bill Tilden, Bobby Jones, the Athletics and a few others have done in the past.

Just a year ago Bobby Jones held four major golf titles; Tommy Armour was professional champion and Glenna Collett was the winning queen; Johnny Doeg was U. S. tennis champion and the French still held the Davis Cup. At that time the Athletics were the world series victors and Max Schmeling the heavyweight king. Miss Betty Nuthall of England was the women's tennis champion of America as 1930 faded out.

Look over that list and see how few still wear the same old crown, individuals or teams. Only two, and they are both from the other side —Max Schmeling and the French tennis team.

A Bad Year for Champs

Bobby Jones retired from competition and four other golfers broke into the deserted throne room to claim his four crowns. The other ex-champions were beaten off in competition by younger or stronger rivals. The slaughter of champions through 1931 was terrific most of the year, and it is worth while checking up.

The 1931 champion who has the best chance to repeat is Max Schmeling. Schmeling won his title on a foul in 1930 and defended his crown against Stribling at Cleveland in 1931 where he proved to be a big surprise, for his improvement over 1930 was marked.

Wide World Photo

The German should be an even better fighter in 1932, but he can still win if he doesn't improve a lick, because as yet no challenger of importance has shown up. There is no Dempsey of 1919 nor a Tunney of 1926 on hand to bar the path. Many fans believe that Jack Sharkey could still bring the title back, but it is no sure thing that Sharkey will even get the chance after so many failures in the past.

Schmeling is young, smart and strong. He is also ambitious and always in condition. Even Gene Tunney took no better care of his physical side.

Two other champions have entirely different risks to run. They are Francis Ouimet, ruler of amateur golf, and Ellsworth Vines at tennis.

Tennis and golf are totally unlike when it comes to a competitive test. In tennis the better man nearly always wins. This doesn't follow in golf, where almost anything can happen on a given day.

Ouimet, who had to wait seventeen years to regain the title he won in 1914, will have at least five hundred rivals trying to qualify in 1932. The odds against Ouimet's repeating will be about seven to one, just as they were before Bobby Jones came bounding into the picture and struck his stride around 1923. The golf champion has the hardest of all the crowns to defend in a game where form and touch shift so quickly.

Now consider Ellsworth Vines, who at the age of eighteen made a fine showing on his first campaign in the East in 1929, but burned himself out. Last fall he was the sensation of the tennis world. He was no Henri Cochet, but he was good enough to win most of his big matches, and many important tournaments. Then he took away the crown that such stars as Larned, McLoughlin, Williams, Johnston and Tilden once wore.

Vines is a first-class tennis player and a high-class competitor. He had to come from behind to win more than one hard match, but the answer is that he came in a hurry. With the experience that he has gained, with the few added pounds he has put on, Vines should be an even better champion in 1932.

The two who might give him most trouble are Cochet of France and Bunny Austin of England. Austin would have his share of trouble beating Vines over here. As there is little chance that Cochet will invade these shores this next summer, Vines will be a hard man to stop when his title is at stake, but Shields, Wood, Sutter and others will crowd him closely.

What about the two women champions —Mrs. Helen Wills Moody and Miss Helen Hicks in the same two games of tennis and golf? Mrs. Moody still towers over the field and there is still no one who is even close.

Miss Hicks is fighting in a tougher war. At the age of twenty she had to defeat two champions on successive days—Enid Wilson of Great Britain and Mrs. Glenna Collett Vare of America. Miss Hicks won both matches down the stretch. She is unquestionably one of the finest women golfers in the world.

Uneasy Heads in Golfdom

Bill Burke, the U. S. Open golf champion; Tommy Armour, British Open champion, and young Tom Creavy, professional champion, had to be better than good to win, but there are too many others in these competitions who are also better than good. The odds against Burke and Armour repeating are about ten to one. The odds against young Creavy are twenty to one. This shows what a hot spot each of these three title holders occupies.

What should the odds be against the St. Louis Cardinals repeating in the world series? They will start the 1932 campaign fortified in every department, with a young, fast, hustling team supplied with the best pitching staff in either league. They will still have Grimes and Haines, the two veterans. They will have two young stars in Derringer and Hallahan and to this collection they will add Dizzy Dean.

The Cardinals this season should be good enough to win the National League pennant and then repeat, but this double job is no even-money bet.

It's a long way to the winter snows of 1932-33. It's a long, hard road for any champion to carry a crown, with all the competition that exists today. But here they all are, stepping into the mists of a new year, so make your own forecasts and see how much better you can do than the nominations outlined above. It's a free-for-all.

International Newsreel Photo

Keystone Photo

Acme Photo

Ellsworth Vines should be at the top of his form in '32. Below, left to right, Helen Hicks, Max Schmeling and Helen Wills Moody. Their prospects are bright

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THE WHEELS START ROLLING

PROBABLY the most remarkable thing about the first Ford car as it bumped over the sill of the little brick shed on Bagley Avenue, Detroit, and out into the dawn of a spring day in 1893, was that its maker had no doubt whatever about its success!

It scared horses. It blocked traffic by attracting large crowds. It became necessary to chain it to a post to keep impulsive investigators from starting it down the street.

Since those wheels first started rolling twenty million Fords have taken to the highways of all the world, shaping modern industry and civilization . . . hundreds of thousands of tractors have speeded up industry and smoothed the furrowed ways of the farmer everywhere . . . hundreds of metal planes have scaled above the clouds to the utmost ends of the earth. And no Ford machine is permitted to go forth without the certainty of success attending it!

There is a sound reason for this! This first Ford was not thought up in an afternoon. It was the result of planning and experimenting that encompassed not only the whole range of automotive transport, but also considered first and last the needs of the public.

When the Ford Motor Company first went into operation to build, deliver and service an automobile for every-day wear and tear, a machine to be admired and depended upon, principles of manufacture were established which made possible the continuous success of this famous car.

These principles, briefly stated, are vital in the Ford organization today:

1. No fear of the future and no enslavement to the past.

2. Disregard of competition, because whoever does a thing best will be accepted as the one who ought to do it.

3. Service before profit; though without profit business cannot extend, without adequate service business cannot succeed.

4. Manufacturing is the transforming of the best possible materials into the best possible product for the consumer on a basis of fair cost all around.

This is the reason why Ford methods have become a synonym for modern methods and successful manufacture.

FORD MOTOR COMPANY

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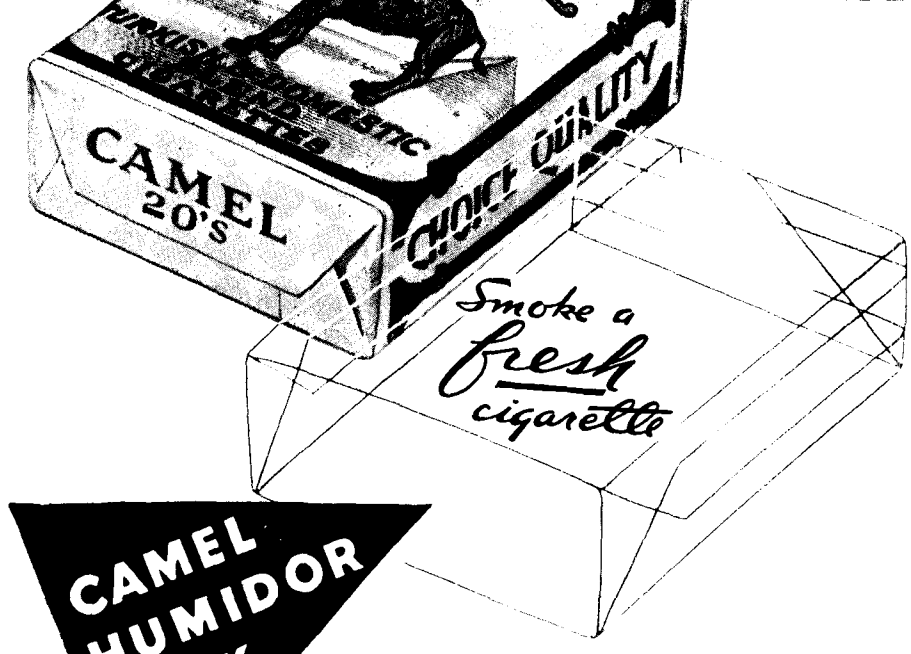

CAMEL HUMIDOR PACK

Ring

YOU can drive out the natural moisture in tobaccos by overheating them, but you cannot put that moisture back.

Neither can you restore the delicate mildness and flavor that vanished with it — the aromatic essences which alone give tobaccos their value.

Nor can you put back the *freshness* and fragrance

● *Don't remove the moisture-proof wrapping from your package of Camels after you open it. The Camel Humidor Pack is protection against perfume and powder odors, dust and germs. In offices and homes, even in the dry atmosphere of artificial heat, the Camel Humidor Pack delivers fresh Camels and keeps them right until the last one has been smoked*

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Con

CAMEL QUARTER HOUR, Mo Downey, Tony Wons, and Camel Orche direction Jacques Renard, every except Sunday, Columbia Broadca System

See lo

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in the New!

which are infused with that essential moisture put into the growing leaf by Mother Nature.

That's why Camels are blended only of tobaccos that need no excessive heat treatment or violent processing—the finest Turkish and mild sun-ripened Domestic tobaccos that money can buy.

If Camels were parched or toasted—their natural moisture dried-out, their flavors factory-stale—the Camel Humidor Pack could not deliver you a genuinely *fresh* cigarette as it does now.

If you're like most other folks, one New Year's resolution you will enjoy *keeping* will be: *fresh* Camels in the Camel Humidor Pack!

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY, *Winston-Salem, N. C.*

s *Coast-to-Coast Radio Programs*

PRINCE ALBERT QUARTER HOUR, Alice Joy, "Old Hunch," and Prince Albert Orchestra, direction Paul Van Loan, every night except Sunday, N. B. C. Red Network

ıer for time

CAMELS

***Made* FRESH — *Kept* FRESH**

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Something Appalling

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By Dana Burnet

Illustrated by Leslie Benson

"I knew that I was a potential thief. She was wearing a gorgeous pearl necklace. I wanted to steal it"

ONE afternoon I was working alone in my apartment when I received a telephone call from my friend Dr. Barry Colt. He seemed excited. His voice was agitated. He said that he wanted to see me at once. I told him, of course, to come along. I wondered what extraordinary tale of human perversity he had to tell me this time.

Barry was one of the most successful practicing psychoanalysts in New York. Whenever he got hold of an especially interesting case he rushed to tell me about it, not because he was a professional gossip, but because it gave him an opportunity to expound his theory of absolute psychoautomatic reactions. That's a mouthful, and I don't know exactly what it means.

Barry Colt did. He devoted himself to it so thoroughly that he had no time for anything else, except squash racquets and an occasional drink with me. He was an attractive fellow, but decidedly unsocial in his habits. He was shy with women, and had little to do with them outside his office, where he treated them with exceptional coldness. They were all, I imagine, in love with him. But love, to Dr. Colt, was merely one of the basic primitive emotions, important only as a psychological motive.

I won't attempt to explain that impressive theory of his. He went farther than many psychologists. He believed firmly, even passionately, that by ferreting out a given impulse, an intelligent psychoanalyst, such as himself, could predict infallibly the act that would follow.

He arrived at my apartment shortly after his telephone call. I opened the door for him. He said immediately: "Something appalling has happened to me. Give me a drink, will you?"

I hurried to get him a highball. When I returned with it he was pacing the living-room floor with his hands knotted behind his back and a glistening sweat on his fine, high forehead.

"For heaven's sake, man," I said, "sit down and tell me what it is."

HE GULPED his drink and dropped into a chair. For a moment he sat gazing at the ceiling; then he looked at me and spoke.

"I went to a party last night," he said. "There was a girl there."

"A girl?"

"Yes, yes, a girl. Quite a charming girl. She'd been a patient of mine. In fact, I'd known her, professionally, for a couple of years. It seems she wanted to meet me socially."

"Oh!" I said. I couldn't help smiling with relief. "So that's what's on your mind. One of your female patients wanted to meet you to find out if you were human. And you were panic-stricken at the prospect that you might be. I understand perfectly."

"You don't understand at all."

There was such a note of tragic intensity in his voice that I stopped smiling. Evidently something really serious had occurred at that party.

"Who was the girl?" I asked.

"Natalie Brooks."

"Oh," I said, "I know her. Smart-looking girl. Worth several millions. Has a passion for collecting pearls."

"That's right!" groaned Barry. "That's right! Pearls!"

He seemed so distraught that I began to be alarmed for my friend.

"Come on, Barry, old man. Tell me. You know you can trust me."

HE SAID abruptly: "I had not been in the room with that girl ten minutes before I knew that I was a potential thief. She was wearing a gorgeous pearl necklace. I wanted to steal it."

"My dear Barry," I said, "I've never heard anything so absurd! You're the most thoroughly honest man I've ever known."

"You don't know me. No one knows anyone, really. I thought I knew myself—till last night. You can imagine what a shock it was to discover that I—an intelligent man and a respectable psychologist—had an impulse to steal."

"Yes," I said, "if it's true it must have been quite upsetting."

"It was utterly humiliating. I suffered horribly. Natalie and I sat next each other at dinner. I kept looking at that necklace. It glowed in the candlelight. It brought out some luminous quality in her skin. She has an exquisite skin, a long, lovely throat. To steal the necklace I realized that I would have to touch her throat. The thought was both fascinating and repugnant. I felt completely torn in two. My mental processes were in chaos."

"Then how could you be sure of your reactions?"

He gave me a haggard look.

"I've trained myself for years to analyze my own impulses. Long ago I recognized the fact that I had a highly developed esthetic sense. I never see beauty but I long to possess it. Till last night, though, it never occurred to me that I'd be violent in my desires."

"Were you violent, Barry?"

"I was prepared to be. Emotionally, I had lost control of myself. Those pearls were burning into my brain. They were driving me mad. I have never been through such torture in my life. I planned to leave the moment dinner was over. But I didn't go."

"What happened?"

"The inevitable, of course. My sister suggested that I drive Natalie Brooks home."

"Good lord, Barry!"

"I couldn't refuse. I was helpless in the knowledge of what my mind told me was going to take place—in the cab."

HE PAUSED for an instant. I said nothing. I felt as if I shared the hypnosis that had so completely overpowered him.

"We got into the taxi," Barry continued. "Natalie gave the driver her address. My mind—at least my conscious mind—simply did not function. I acted automatically. Half-turning on the seat, I put both hands around her throat."

"Was she frightened?"

"No. When I touched her she laughed softly. She said: 'You've been wanting to do that all evening, haven't you?'"

"Barry!"

"I felt the pearls under my fingers. But suddenly I was seized with a paralysis. I had a sense of doubt, of dismay, of monstrous confusion. And then—"

"Then?"

"Then," he cried, in a voice of utter despair, "she threw her arms around me and kissed me!"

"But—look here, Barry! You can't keep me in suspense any longer! You burst in here saying that something appalling had happened to you—"

"So it has! Something devastating, something that has hurt my professional pride, destroyed my faith in myself and ruined my whole psychoanalytical theory!"

"Hang your theory! Did you or did you not steal Natalie Brooks' necklace?"

"Hell, no!" he shouted. "It wasn't the necklace I wanted. It was Natalie! I married her at ten o'clock this morning!"

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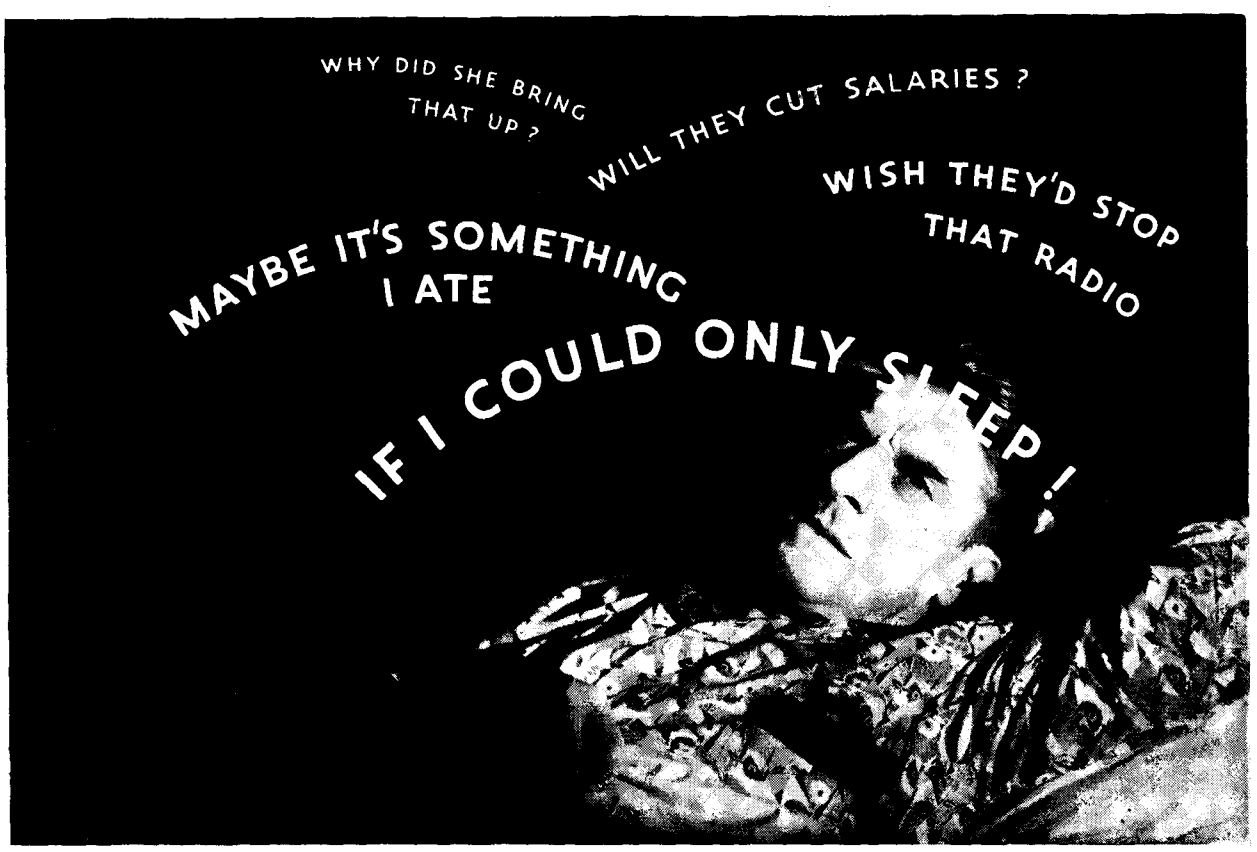
SOUND SLEEP

Instantly Tonight, Without Drugs

Feel Like A New Person Tomorrow



STOP TOSSING AND LYING AWAKE LIKE THIS

THOSE ghastly hours of night-time tossing! Those exaggerated worries that loom like mountains when you cannot get to sleep. How they sap your strength—unstring your nerves—and unfit you for your work.

Why suffer them any longer? Why endure the physical and mental handicaps they inevitably bring?

For 20,000 doctors will tell you that sleeplessness is needless folly now. Will tell you there is now a drugless way that brings you sleep—naturally, quickly.

It is a delicious food-drink that you take before you go to bed. As free from drugs as the bread you eat or the milk you give your child.

You fall asleep almost as soon as you touch the pillow. And you get 8 hours of sound, natural sleep.

Next morning you notice the difference the instant you arise from bed. You feel refreshed—rejuvenated. Nerves calmer—mind clearer by far. No longer a prey to the worries that always seem so mountainous when your system is starved for sleep.

For this new way does more than induce sound sleep. It rebuilds your nerves, your body, your tissues—during the hours you sleep.

Millions are now using this remarkable discovery. Millions are turning to it largely on doctors' advice. In fairness to yourself, your health, your nerves—try it without fail. See how quickly you fall asleep—how vastly refreshed you feel next morning.

What It Is—How It Acts

It is called Ovaltine—a pure food-drink you take at night with warm milk. During the World War, medical authorities made it a standard ration for invalid, nerve-shattered soldiers. They found it does 3 things no other food in the world will do.

First, it induces sound, restful sleep by a wholly *natural* process.

Second, it rebuilds worn-out nerve and body cells. For, in addition to other valuable food elements, Ovaltine contains (in concentrated form) a natural vital property called "lecithin" which is an important part of nerve and brain tissue. And these special food properties rebuild worn-out nerve, brain and body cells as you sleep.

Third, Ovaltine aids digestion. This is because it contains a high proportion of a food element known as diastase—an element which has the power to digest the starch content of other foods in your stomach. Thus it lifts a great burden from your digestive organs—and helps your stomach "rest." And in this way combats digestive unrest—one of the main causes of sleeplessness.

At the same time—by stimulating and aiding digestive processes—Ovaltine tends to draw excess blood away from the head. And helps reduce the congestion that is present in brain capillaries when a person lies awake at night thinking and worrying instead of sleeping.

Thus a state of mental calm is induced. And normal sleep follows quickly.

You'll Sleep Tonight!

Don't judge Ovaltine merely by what users claim for it. Even disregard, if you wish, the fact that it is endorsed by 20,000 doctors. Forget the fact that its use has spread to 54 different countries . . . *Try it and see for yourself.*

So start tonight! 'Phone your druggist or grocer for a tin of Ovaltine. Mix 2 to 4 teaspoonfuls in a glass of warm milk and drink it just before you go to bed. You will sleep more soundly than you have, probably, in weeks and months. You'll be delighted with the sound, refreshing sleep you get and the redoubled energy that's yours next day. 873

FALL ASLEEP AS SOON AS YOU GO TO BED

(Note) Thousands of nervous people, men and women, are using Ovaltine to restore vitality when fatigued. It is also highly recommended by physicians for nervous, underweight children—nursing mothers, convalescents and the aged.

OVALTINE
The Swiss Food-Drink
Manufactured under license in U. S. A. according to original Swiss formula

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Captain Masterman—one of those iron men who ruled the wooden ships. It was an honor to sail with him—an honor nobody wanted twice

Masters of the Craft

By Albert Richard Wetjen

Illustrated by Courtney Allen

THIS is really my Uncle George's story, bellowed out in his eighty-fifth year while he sat on the porch of his home and hammered on a rickety table for emphasis. The sea glittered bluely scarce a quarter of a mile away, and there was a sweet wind upon gorse that ran to the very edge of the chalk cliffs. A black-walled steamer sat thinly upon the horizon and her smoke lay like a dark serpent across the cloud-spotted sky. Uncle George was angry and the carpenter was the cause of it.

He had hired the man, a youth with a fair bristle of mustache, to put in a new door for him, and I had thought the work had gone forward with efficiency and dispatch. It was true the door was, perhaps, a little out of square; and it was true the carpenter had had to file away part of the latch to make the thing fit. . . . Still, the door was in and all you could expect of a door was that it would open and shut.

"That's the trouble with this day and age," bellowed Uncle George. "Anything'll do. Slap a job together and get it over with. There's no such thing as pride in work any more. Not a bit. They turn out wood butchers with six months' training and call 'em carpenters. Speedy, oh, aye! But rotten, rotten!"

He blew down his white beard and glared round at the offending door.

"I've known th' men of my time to spend all morning on a joint," he insisted. "Slow, maybe, but the joint was a joint. It'd last. You could trust your confounded life to it. New windows didn't rattle then and a door shut square and tight; and you could come back twenty years later and still find it shutting square and tight. . . . The old days had men."

He hammered on the table and scowled.

"It's this damned mass-production business, that's what. Hurry, hurry, hurry! No time for pains. It used to be a man'd spend six years' apprenticeship to learn his trade. Couldn't draw full wages until he had. Four years before the mast as a boy and you were an able seaman. Now they sign 'em on full pay after four months. Bah!" He spat.

"You'd never see a man now take an extra five minutes to finish a job proper. Never! As soon as the whistle goes or the watch ends he's starting for'ard. He's quitting, according to his rights. If he had a hammer lifted to hit a nail he'd drop it and run. There's no craftsmanship any more. We've got a lot of newfangled things we never had, maybe. Better grub and wages. More time to fool around. But we've lost something, and I'm not so sure that what we've got for it is worth it. . . . Let me tell you something that happened when I was second mate under Bully Masterman, on the Pride of Lahore!"

HE BLEW his massive nose in his large red handkerchief and stared out across the brilliant sea, which was no bluer than his hard old eyes. The wind splayed out his white beard and he stroked it with a large-veined and still horny hand.

"You'll never have heard of Bully Masterman, seeing you're a steamship man," he announced abruptly. "But he was something to talk about in the '60's. Six feet two tall; built like a whaler and with the devil's own temper. Drink his two quarts a day and always upright on his feet. As soon knock you down as look at you, and he'd shoot men off the yards if they didn't move fast enough to suit him. There was one voyage, after I'd left him, when he got into 'Frisco with seventeen men dead out of a crew of fifty. That was Masterman. But he made passages. London to Melbourne in sixty-four days. Seventy days New York to 'Frisco. Something to talk about. But there wasn't a seaman from Liverpool to Sydney who wouldn't have knifed him, given guts and the chance. I was with him for seven months, so I know. Damn him!

"He was a driver. Man or ship, it didn't matter to him. Never shorten down. We'd carry sail, staggering fit to go under, when other packets would be running with bare poles. He'd padlock the gear if we talked of getting canvas in, and I've seen him smash a man's skull with a belaying pin for setting hand to a line without orders. Aye, smash his skull and then toss him overside like he was so much rope-yarn cluttering up the decks. Once the mate said something he didn't like and he chained him to the chicken coop and fed him corn for two days, like he was a fowl. Aye, that was Masterman. He gave me my first gray hairs, but he was a man and he knew his trade!

Masterman knocked the man down the companion

"WE CAME out of Liverpool this voyage, short-handed as usual, with a crew the crimps had got for us.

"No man in his senses ever signed with Masterman, so we'd get our crews drugged or drunk and spend half a day knocking some sense into 'em. Souse 'em with water; kick 'em to their feet and slug 'em down again. Drive, drive, drive! Some of 'em would fight back and some wouldn't. But it made no matter. You got your mate's ticket then for being tough; and if you weren't tough enough Masterman offered your job to any man for'ard who could lick you. Or he'd lick you himself. That was the way of it. Masterman started as soon as we'd dropped the tug this time, just as the clipper was beginning to feel the sea.

"A man named Stevens came aft to

(Continued on page 36)

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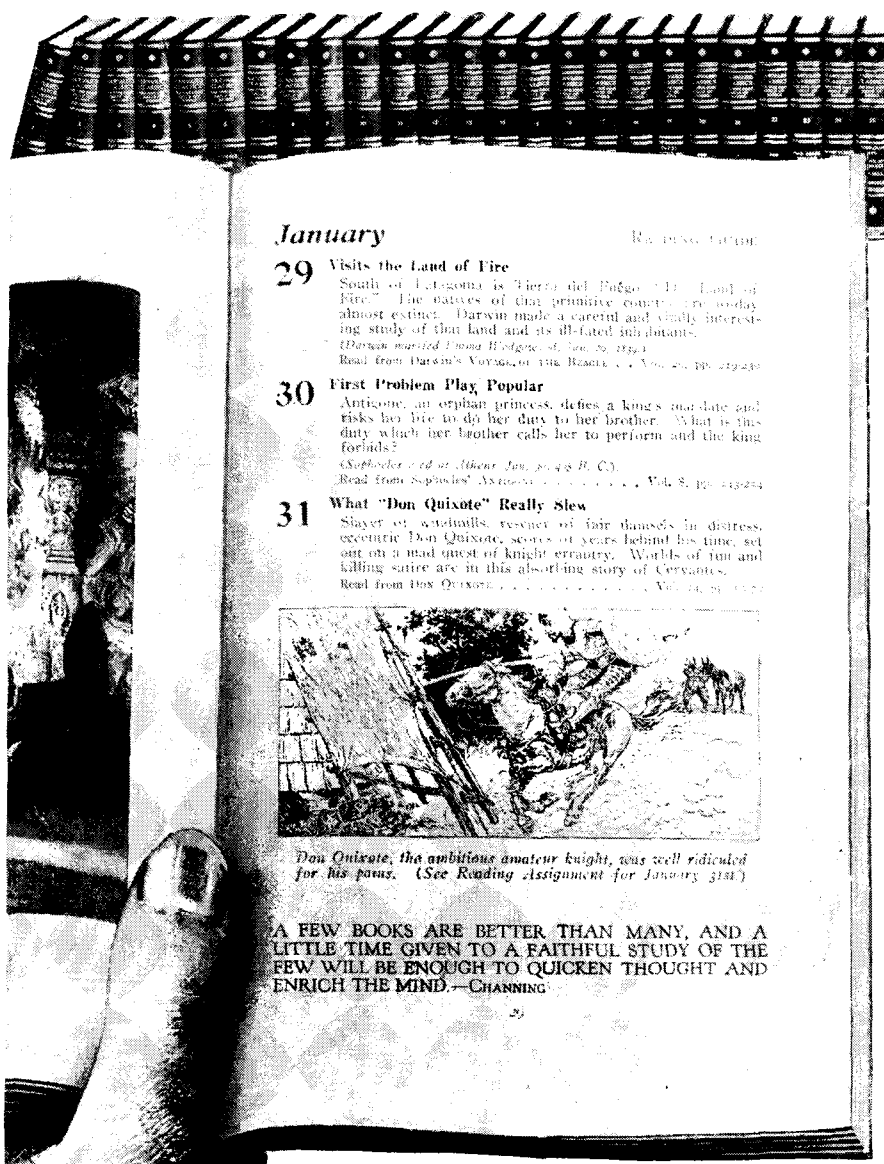
January
29 Visits the Land of Fire
30 First Problem Play Popular
31 What "Don Quixote" Really Slew
Don Quixote, the ambitious amateur knight, was well ridiculed for his pains. (See Reading Assignment for January 31st)
A FEW BOOKS ARE BETTER THAN MANY, AND A LITTLE TIME GIVEN TO A FAITHFUL STUDY OF THE FEW WILL BE ENOUGH TO QUICKEN THOUGHT AND ENRICH THE MIND.—CHANNING

(A Glimpse of the Daily Reading Guide)

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Local Color

By the Gentleman at the Keyhole

IT USED to be possible to speak of the Senator from Steel, the Senator from Sugar, the Senator from Wool, etc. But only to a limited extent and by a good deal of exaggeration is it possible today to speak of a senator as representing a single interest.

Only some of the less-developed states now have a single dominating industry. And the direct primary system of making nominations has caused senators to be sensitive to any interest which controls a handful of votes or any organized minority which may deliver votes against them in the primary.

In the old days when senators were elected by state legislatures, the most powerful interest in his state could dominate the legislature and elect a senator or defeat him. But today this power of a single interest is largely a thing of the past. The senator fears the soldier vote, or Negro vote as in the case of the rejection of Judge Parker of the Supreme Court, or the Anti-Saloon League, and now the organized wets, more than he does any single industrial interest.

But here, with the foregoing reservations, is an industrial directory of the Senate by states:

Maine: HALE—the big navy interests. WHITE—shipping, potatoes.

New Hampshire: MOSES—textiles and other manufactures. KEYES—the same as his colleague.

Vermont: DALE—Vermont farming. PARTRIDGE—marble, farming.

Massachusetts: WALSH—textiles, boots and shoes, other manufactures. COOLIDGE—a new man, will take his cue from Walsh.

Connecticut: BINGHAM—the Connecticut Manufacturers' Association. WALCOTT—Horatius at the bridge for Hoover. Manufactures.

Rhode Island: METCALF—textiles and other manufactures. HEBERT—the same.

New York: WAGNER—a socially minded senator, represents the rising proletariat of the cities. COPELAND—Hearst, any and everything that has a dozen votes.

New Jersey: KEAN—small manufactures and banking. BARBOUR—a new man just appointed to succeed Morrow.

Pennsylvania: REED—an able spokesman for Pennsylvania's mining and manufacturing interests, steel, coal, Secretary Mellon. DAVIS—local manufactures, steel, coal, the Order of the Moose.

Delaware: HASTINGS—the Dupont interests. TOWNSEND—the same.

Maryland: TYDINGS—chief spokesman of the wets, agriculture, canned tomatoes, straw hats, oysters. GOLDSBOROUGH—the same interests generally, except that he isn't the chief spokesman of anything.

Ohio: DR. FESS—lifts up his voice generally for the Republican party, of which he is national chairman. Represents Ohio's chief interests, steel, automobiles, coal, farming, manufacturing. BULKLEY—a new man and a high-class one, not clearly identified.

Indiana: WATSON—National Manufacturers' Association, for which he was once lobbyist, railroads, farming. ROBINSON—formerly the Ku Klux Klan, manufacturing and farming.

Illinois: GLENN—farming and manufacturing in his state. LEWIS—a new man, won't neglect the interests of Illinois but does a good deal of representing of the spectacular "Jim Ham."

Michigan: COUZENS—an individualist and, like Wagner, a representative of the masses, but tender to automobiles and other Michigan manufactures, also agriculture. VANDENBERG—chief spokesman last year for the soldiers, the Michigan manufacturers and farmers.

Wisconsin: LA FOLLETTE—socially minded, thinks of the United States as much as he does of his own state; farming of Wisconsin. BLAINE—a leading wet, of the La Follette school.

Iowa: BROOKHART—the more radical farmers of Iowa. DICKINSON—the more conservative farmers of the state.

Minnesota: SHIPSTEAD—agriculture. SCHALL—agriculture, with certain side lines not always clear.

North Dakota: NYE—farming. FRAZIER—farming.

South Dakota: NORBECK—farming. BULOW—a new man. There is only farming for him to represent.

Nebraska: NORRIS—nationally minded, inclines toward government ownership, anti-power, local agriculture. HOWELL—a violent prohibitionist, radically against the Eastern interests, farming, the best man in the Senate at producing a mass of figures that no one can follow.

Kansas: CAPPER—"the man with both ears to the ground" where the tillers of the soil are, wheat particularly, also oil. MCGILL—a new man, must represent farming and oil.

Missouri: HAWES—game preservation, the black bass, St. Louis manufactures, boots and shoes. PATTERSON—the Missouri farming and manufacturing interests.

Oklahoma: THOMAS—oil. GORE—a new man, oil.

Colorado: WATERMAN—beet sugar and mining, especially silver. COSTIGAN—a new man, probably the most radical member of the Senate. Hard to say what he will be kind to.

Nevada: PITTMAN—silver. ODDIE—silver.

Utah: SMOOT—the high priest of protection. Nationally minded on the tariff. Sugar and mining. KING—same Utah interests as Smoot.

Wyoming: KENDRICK—cattle, sheep, ranching. CAREY—a new man, undoubtedly the same as his colleague.

Idaho: BORAH—the most nationally minded person in the Senate, interested primarily in foreign relations, Idaho farming. THOMAS—Idaho farming.

Montana: WALSH—nationally minded, copper, wheat, other farm products. WHEELER—radical, copper, wheat and other farm products.

Oregon: STEIWER—lumber, fruits and agricultural products. MCNARY—lumber, fruits and agricultural products.

Washington: JONES—shipping, timber. DILL—timber, shingles.

California: JOHNSON—Hearst, a big navy to fight Japan, citrous fruits. SHORTRIDGE—about the same as Johnson, except that he is not a Hearst spokesman.

Arizona: ASHURST—copper. HAYDEN—copper.

New Mexico: CUTTING—a very independent progressive, probably represents no material interest. BRATTON—livestock.

Texas: SHEPPARD—spokesman for the Anti-Saloon League, oil, cotton, agricultural products. CONNALLY—oil, cotton and agricultural products.

Arkansas: ROBINSON—spokesman for the Democratic party, agriculture. MRS. CARAWAY—newly appointed to succeed her late husband.

Louisiana: BROUSSARD—sugar. LONG—not yet here, will of course represent sugar and especially Huey Long.

Mississippi: HARRISON—outside of cotton, pretty free. STEPHENS—the same as Harrison.

Alabama: BLACK—Alabama's interests in Muscle Shoals, steel, farming. BANKHEAD—the banking interests of Alabama generally, farming.

Florida: FLETCHER—Florida fruits and vegetables. TRAMMELL—the same.

Georgia: HARRIS—farming, cotton. GEORGE—Georgia farming, cotton, Southern power interests.

South Carolina: SMITH—cotton, other farming. BYRNES—a new man, of real national significance, cotton, farming.

North Carolina: MORRISON—Anti-Saloon League, manufacturing, power, tobacco, farming. BAILEY—a new man, unknown.

Virginia: SWANSON—the navy, farming. GLASS—strict control of banking, Virginia farming.

Kentucky: BARKLEY — nationally minded on the tariff, coal, tobacco, other farming interests. LOGAN—a new man, unknown.

West Virginia: HATFIELD—coal and railroads. NEELY—coal, with a slant in favor of labor.

Tennessee: MCKELLAR—local manufacturing interests and farming; local interests in Muscle Shoals. HULL—nationally minded, almost the last real low-tariff man in the Democratic party.

Illustrated by Harry Haenigsen

The Senators from Steel, Wool, Oil, Sugar, forgather with their colleagues in the business of government

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Tough as Velvet

Continued from page 21

Robinson was unmade to order for them—unmade in the sense that he needed only a little editing by nature to be a perfectly good-looking romantic type. The editing would have straightened his brows by a sixteenth of an inch and narrowed his mouth by about the same fraction at both ends. Thus he would have lost the Oriental cast that makes him look in slow-music moments like the melodramatic idea of what a Japanese war spy looks like.

And that wouldn't have helped a bit when it came to casting for Dostoevski's The Brothers Karamazov. As the junior, epileptic brother, Robinson was physically perfect. Indeed, he made the striking impression that theatrical vocabulary ardently translates into "personal triumph."

His family were not yet quite reconciled, although when they went collectively to see him perform they did not articulate their disapproval. They liked him, his sincerity, his popularity with that intelligent group. But neither his family nor his friends thought he'd get very far as a player in intellectual plays.

Up at the Lambs' Club, Edward Robinson was discussed. His services were sought by numerous theatrical managers who saw the possibilities of playing up a promising young actor who appeared capable of living up to his promise. Jacob Ben Ami, Joseph Schildkraut and George Jessel had hit the bell and proved profitable to their producers.

"Here's a comer," said they. And in the readiness with which memory duplicates personalities, the more enthusiastic added: "Another David Warfield."

At this casual claim there was always mockery. "Who," asked the mockers, "could ever be another Warfield?"

The answer came from an unexpected quarter. Robinson appeared in that intriguingly titled play, The Goat Song.

The Old Master Speaks

Robinson played the part of a sad old man in this romance of twisted loves and lives. Among those who hailed him and his performance was one who declared the appellation "a second Warfield" might be applicable. And the statement had authority, for Mr. Warfield made it.

This gentle and genial star of a fading firmament, who retired not only on his laurels but on far more profit than loss, has always guided climbing feet up the ladder, having that rare appreciation of his own success which makes him willing and eager to help others to duplicate it. Robinson counts Warfield's explicit admiration as the best boost he had in that transitional stage that comes to every star of the stage when emerging from the ranks of ordinary to the ranks of featured players.

After several seasons of steady if unplutocratic employment with the Theater Guild, Robinson found the vehicle that was to convey him to stardom.

Everybody has heard the term "kibitzer." It's a kosher synonym for a vulgar but vivid epithet—"buttinsky." The kibitzer is a low and loud species of nosey-parker who appoints himself to supervise card games in which he has no pecuniary interest. In short, an unexpurgated nuisance.

The idea of dramatizing the typical kibitzer was a bold one. Somebody was bold enough to do so. The next step was to find somebody bold enough to produce the play. Managers—outside of the obvious box-office enterprise in sex—are not bold because they have learned to their traditional sorrow that the quality is hazardous, and no collateral whatever for a bank loan. They only become bold when so sure of a player's appeal that they're willing to gamble on public response.

This is the time to insert, therefore, the biggest compliment and opportunity to befall Ed Robinson. He was hired as star for The Kibitzer. And then he took ill.

Getting Local Color

Actuaries, who professionally dote on these dismal intrusions, might have a field day among the statistics of theatrical stars, none of whom seems to have been immune from a special performance by bacteria on the eve of some special occasion. Robinson stayed away from the theater for a few weeks; all his friends sympathized with him. The enemies that seem quite as essential to success as friends, mused aloud as to who would get the Kibitzer while *sotto voce* requesting the job themselves.

But in time Robinson showed up at the managerial office to report for rehearsal.

"I'm ready," he said.

"About time," said the manager, whose bold intent to produce the play could not have withstood inaction much longer. "Sorry you've been ill so long."

"I haven't been ill," said Ed Robinson.

The manager scowled, howled.

"Not ill! And I've held up production for five weeks!"

Any other kind of artist might have waited; but actors are never more direct than when faced with off-stage chances to act.

"I spent that five weeks," said Robinson, striking a vindicatory pose—and he can strike 'em—"going places to see and study kibitzers."

This was perfectly true. Robinson had stood up and sat in at countless card games, and been forcibly ejected from not a few in his zeal to pursue a character he was to create.

The play had not much plot to make it stick in the memory, or to bemuse with tricks and turn-abouts. It was little more than a character study of the Kibitzer against a background of Ghetto gamblers. Robinson's performance was striking. He had to repeat it five or six hundred times before the box-office began to think that Broadwayfarers had seen enough of it. During that run of more than a year, one performance stands out as unusually exciting.

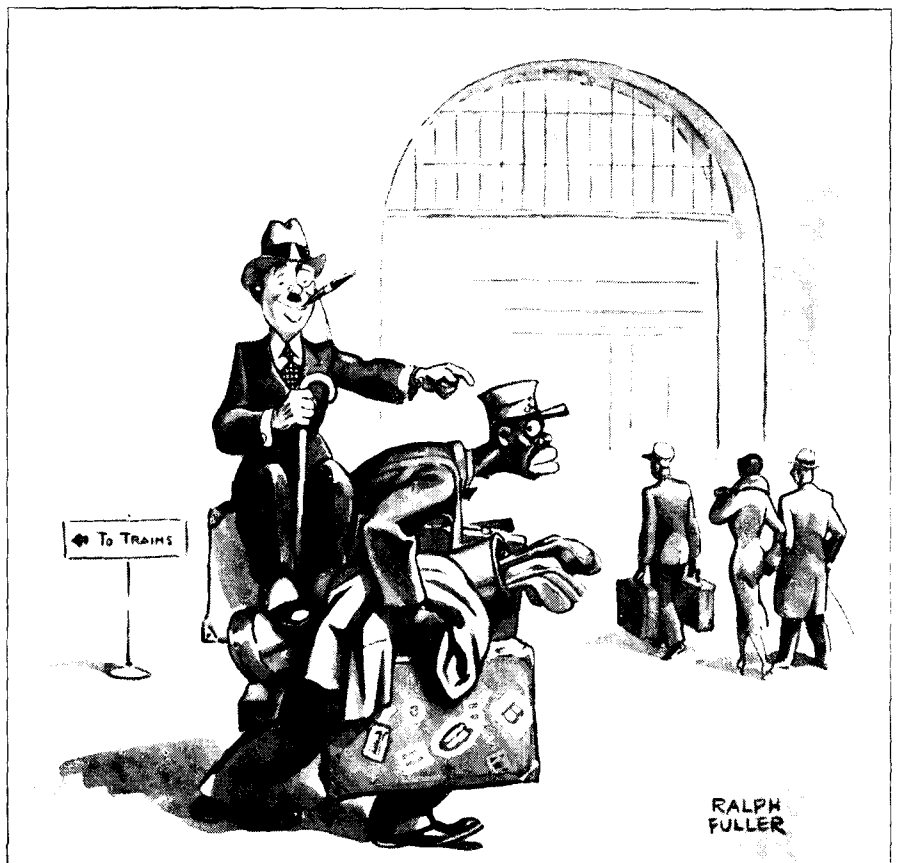
Not an accident, but the design of an exceedingly serious customer. At a high point in the play where Robinson scowled and stormed in a bitter card-table quarrel he had to shout suddenly:

"Who says I cheat?"

A voice on stage was supposed to answer. It did; but it had a robust echo from the audience when an angry man cried:

"You're the guy!"

Mystified, Robinson continued. That's the surest way to overcome heckling from the house. The interrupter stormed into Robinson's dressing-room, charged that he had been looking for a long time to find the kibitzer who had signaled his hand to an opponent in a cigar-store game. Now he'd found him. Robinson. He demanded that Robinson make good his loss.



"Very good, porter—right over there" *Ralph Fuller*

The Law of Suavity

Robinson saw the chap was a crank suffering from the illusion of mistaken identity. He also knew, as stage stars get to know, that turbulent fools yield to the law of suavity.

"How much did you lose?" asked Robinson, backing him slowly, for Robinson, small, is athletically vigorous, toward the door.

"Fifteen dollars," said the customer.

Robinson produced his stage pack of cards. "Cut," he said.

The customer backed away.

"You ain't a kibitzer," he growled. "You're a gambler."

Establishment as a star wasn't heady for Robinson. Although barely thirty he abstained from swagger. It even took him six months to decide to wear spats. But one thing he did that he had long wanted to do. Not a lady's man, he had none the less a secret yearning to be a gay fellow, even with a sinister face. So for the first time in his life he threw a large theatrical party. And among the guests was a young actress with whom he thought it would be rather fun to have a romance. They were married within three weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Robinson took a three-years' lease on an attractive apartment. That's how they felt about Broadway. Why not, when the phenomenal run of The Kibitzer was succeeded by a crook play in which Robinson came into his own as the gangster par excellence?

He didn't know how very much his own this was to be. Alphonse Capone was attracting attention as a national figure. The public was gang-conscious. The boys of the Legs Diamond type were dicing one another with bullets. The sub-machine gun age had arrived.

With it Robinson arrived with a bang that resounded as loud as the guns. The young man who had quit his first picture in disgust suddenly found himself in Hollywood as the newest and brightest male star. He typified the gunman of foreign extraction. *Little Cæsar* cinched his lead in pictures. Also it almost unmade him.

Too Much Realism

There was a vital scene in Little Cæsar where the racketeer, risen from the ranks of killers to an overlord of the alky, gambling and vice enterprises, is put on the spot. To make it realistic the director ordered a spray of real bullets to puncture ash cans and smash windows. The gunners had two clips—one loaded, one blank. Robinson, as Cæsar, was on the spot. A big car came touring with blinds drawn and slowed as it reached him where he stood outside a laundry. The gunners aimed their muzzles, fingers and triggers.

The picture was suddenly stopped by a shout—not from Robinson. A property man came tearing up on a motorcycle.

"Look at that clip!" he cried.

The gunners looked. If they hadn't, we, or somebody else, would be writing Robinson's epitaph. Real bullets were in their guns.

Nobody knew how Little Cæsar would be taken by a public accustomed to big and little Cæsars of gangland on their front pages. It was a wow—followed by other gangster pictures in which Robinson achieved the most daring scene permissible in movies when the script called for him to boot a handsome woman downstairs. He did it with genuine enthusiasm, and audiences throughout the continent emitted what is elegantly called a "belly laugh" thereat. This may be of some value to students of mob psychology. Robinson personally regrets the success of that scene.

"Of course," he apologizes, "it fitted in with the action of the play Smart Money. The dame comes to me to try to take me for the District Attorney. I'm wise and let her know it with the kick after she thinks she's hooked me.

"But listen to me, talking like a gangster. You know, I've got to get away from that lingo and that racket. I acquired the mobster's psychology too quickly, too easily. That's why, when I got a chance to play a newspaper editor in Five Star Final, I grabbed it. And when I saw the picture I likewise saw that what the theater crowds liked was a gangster in an editor's chair."

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Masters of the Craft

Continued from page 30

relieve the wheel and, being drunk, he forgot himself and went up the weather side. Never should go up the weather side. Lee side for men. 'Where in hell do you think you're going?' asks Masterman and he knocks the man down the companion. Stevens gets up, feeling for his knife. He was a good sailor. Twenty years before the mast. 'There's no call for that,' he says, very quiet and sober now. 'Are you talking back to me?' says Masterman and he takes the companion in one jump and lands on Stevens with both feet.

"I was a youngster and tough but I was sick after that. Masterman hauled Stevens to the wheel later, most too battered to stand. 'Now take your trick,' he says, 'or, by God, you'll get some more!'

"So Stevens stood his trick with three broken ribs, half his teeth gone and two fingers fractured. Covered with blood and bruises.

"There was a lot of that stuff. Masterman only gave an order once and then he threw something. Belaying pin or piece of holystone. If the man was near enough he'd handle him personally. One time, in the afternoon watch, I asked him what it was he'd said. Didn't catch the words because of the wind. He knocked me into the scuppers. Hauled me out again and kicked me down to the main deck to get busy. And I was second mate, remember. So of course we loved him, and he knew it. Liked it, too, I think. But he'd never let anyone pass behind him.

"THAT man Stevens got him one night. Got him as he was going for'ard to see a couple of men in the fo'c's'le, supposed to be sick. Stevens waited for him in the dark near the foremast and slid a knife into him. Too high up, but enough to put any other man on his back for a week. Masterman wasn't that kind though. He emptied his gun around, just in case the crowd was thinking of rushing him, and he walked back to the poop bleeding like a stuck pig. The mate patched him up and then all hands were called aft. Nobody said anything.

"Masterman lined 'em all up and turned 'em about, enjoying the job, it seemed. Then he took out their sheath-knives and looked 'em over. The mate broke off th' points when he'd finished; but Stevens didn't have any knife. 'I lost it overside a couple of days ago,' he said, his face gray. Masterman knocked him down and laughed, kicking him to his feet again. 'You mean you threw it away just now,' he said. 'All right, I'll attend to you.' Stevens stood there wiping the blood from his mouth and his eyes all burning. 'I'll get you some time,' he said. Said that to Bully Masterman.

"It was a slaughter after that. The men would have got into it but Masterman had given the mate his gun and the mate kept them back. Stevens was in his bunk four days, and he never got over a bad limp.

"Aye, it was that bad, and Stevens wasn't the only one. A big man was Masterman. A strong man. He liked to use his muscles. He never needed a certificate to be captain of the Pride of Lahore. He held his poop deck with his two fists and his gun, and after Stevens knifed him he drove us all worse than ever. Drive, drive, drive! He worked us Sundays and holidays. When there was nothing else we'd be holystoning and chipping; going over work that was already perfect. He'd call all hands at odd hours and lecture them. If someone left a stray rope-yarn around he'd make the watch below come up and stand by while someone threw the thing overboard. He was a devil; 'Don't give 'em time to think,' he'd laugh, walking up and down, chewing on a cigar and with his gun bulging out of his hip. We were short-handed, remember, and there was no rest.

"It made things bad for us mates. We had to stand by the skipper, so it was the after guard against the fo'c's'le. It got so we were afraid to turn our backs. We got scared to move around at all after dark. Belaying pins'd come whistling on the poop the nights there were no stars nor a moon. Blocks'd come dropping from aloft when both watches were up, and you couldn't tell who'd let 'em fall. Masterman shot a man named Barrow out of the rigging when he caught him up there with a heavy shackle. He was a devil.

"We had other things beside Masterman though. It seemed we never got out of gales. Head winds and gales.

"Why, my dear lady, you're better off today than you've ever been in the history of the world" *B. Shermund*

We were blown north for three days, and then south. We lay hove to once for forty-eight hours when even Masterman had to take the canvas off and wait. We got into wet bunks in wet clothes and got up again to work on wetter decks. There was snow, as I remember. Blizzards. The constant straining eased the seams and we had to pump every other watch. The salt water got into the tanks. We ran short of provisions and Masterman cut down the already cut rations. Rotten stuff. Stinking salt pork and weevily biscuits. We worked like dogs. There were times we had to smash ice off the shrouds before we could get aloft. We had our nails all but ripped out. We had split fingers. Salt boils. We forgot to wash, to shave. Drive, drive, drive! And the sea doing its best to help Masterman kill us all. If there'd been a mutiny then, none of us mates would have cared. But there was no starch left in the men.

"It had to end, of course. We were in the forties when things let up, and then Masterman's luck broke. I was below at the time and just what happened I never knew. Something went wrong, a cross sea perhaps, maybe a squall. But we were pooped. The Pride of Lahore went into the trough and another sea got her.

"MASTERMAN was standing at the foot of the companion swearing at the helmsman, ready to go up, when the water caught him. You know how it is. Took him across the deck and smashed him against the bulwarks. Knocked him cold, and if the mate hadn't got to him he'd have gone overside. The mate swore at himself afterwards.

"They brought him below then and I gave the mate a hand. Masterman had half his scalp torn off and his shin was fractured. There was bone sticking right through his oilskin and we had to cut all his clothes away. The tiller was surging about, the helmsman lost, and it broke off before we could secure it. Then the rudder went. The fore-topmast had already broken short and was lying alongside banging at the hull when Masterman came round. 'What's that damned noise?' was the first thing he said. The mate explained and Masterman began to swear. 'Then what the hell are you doing down here?' he said. 'Get on deck and look after the ship!'

"We both of us went up and joined the third mate, who was doing his best, and we were in bad shape. The foretopmast had brought her head to the sea, acting like a sea anchor, but it was battering the hull. The decks were wreckage. The for'ard hatches were caved in. We had lost four men. The only hope was that the sea was going down and rifts were coming in the sky. We'd have foundered if the trouble had come twelve hours before.

"But we lived through it. The Pride of Lahore. A sweet clipper. Stout. Well-ballasted too, what with the water in her holds. Rode out the last of the gales and kept her decks decently dry. You get to love a ship like that. About all that makes the sea worth while. Makes you forget the hard times. A sweet clipper, as I said. Even Masterman would sometimes talk to her, swear at her like she was something alive. Never mind.

"When we had time to go below we found Masterman reading his medical guide. There was sweat on his face and he'd already emptied a bottle of whisky. He'd almost bitten through his lower lip. Pain. But he was reading there in his bunk, the bone still sticking out of his leg. 'I've got to amputate the damned thing!' he said. 'Get me some water and the medicine chest.' He began to draw diagrams on a pad then, taking them from the book, and we stood there and argued with him. He was quite cool about it. He was going to cut off his own leg if we'd help him. But we talked him out of that and tried to set the bone. We were both strong men, the mate and myself, but it took us all of an hour and even then we couldn't get the thing straight. Masterman fainted twice but we hardly knew it. Too busy. He never made a sound.

"IT WAS a messy job at the best, and when we had him in rough splints he swallowed another half a bottle of whisky and demanded to be taken on deck. Aye, on deck. He was helpless but we were still afraid of him. So we carried him up and laid him on a wet mattress near the skylight, propped up with pillows. He had his gun in one hand and a box of cartridges in the other; whisky bottles under the mattress. 'What in hell's the damage?' he said and the mate explained. 'Then we'll rig another rudder and a tiller,' he swore. 'Send that damned carpenter aft!'

"He kept all hands at work for sixteen hours, until the sea was nothing but a long, smooth swell, and then he gave orders to get the new rudder overside. The gear broke on the second attempt and Masterman shot the bos'n through the arm. Just like that! The man had forgotten to use new line. So we lost the rudder overside.

"I said Masterman was a man. He drank whisky to keep himself awake and he drove us. We were six hundred miles from the island of Fayal and he proposed to make that port for repairs. The situation was beyond me at that time. I hadn't that much experience and the mate was frightened. But Masterman commanded and we did as he said. We tried first to sweep or drag the packet's head to the southward where Fayal lay, but it was never any use. She kept swinging back to the north, even in the calm weather we got. There was a swell from the west. Not much wind. I didn't see why we couldn't wait and make another rudder, but I'd forgotten our stores were low and then Masterman wanted to get to a doctor. 'If the damned ship won't make Fayal one way I'll take her there another!' he swore. And, by all that's holy, he backed the Pride of Lahore a matter of three hundred miles while we built another rudder and got it shipped.

"Aye, backed her, I said. No rudder, and no tiller if there was one. I said he was a seaman. We took in all our drags, with which we'd been trying to

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head her south. We furled all headsails, and all canvas on the foremast. Then we set all square sails on the mizzen, all the main-topsail and the starboard clew of the mainsail. Threw back then, every sail set. That gave us stern board and with a royal breeze, keeping all that canvas flat on the masts, Masterman backed her those three hundred miles. Some of us pumped for spells. Some made the new rudder. And Masterman was propped there on the poop, his eyes burning and only the whisky keeping him awake and alive.

"Twice, on different nights, men crawled aft to get him, but he was sharp. He'd had lanterns lashed to the for'ard taffrail. The men tried knocking them out but it was too tricky with the ship movements and Masterman only laughed. Someone did pitch a belaying pin from the mizzen that almost got him. May have been Stevens. No one ever knew and Masterman's answering shot hit no one. He went below for the first time when we had the new rudder shipped. The mate and I carried him and he made us set him in a chair just inside his door, so he could lock himself in and sleep. 'You'd like to see me go under,' he swore, 'but I'll be damned if I do! There's no boats left so you can't desert me.' He laughed as we left him, for that was true. We had lost all our boats in the gales and that time we lay in the trough.

"WE REACHED Fayal just fourteen days after the accident and no one could think of a way to get Masterman ashore. It was too rough to land him from the ship, at the pier. But he solved that, too. Had himself hoisted over in a box with his mattress inside. Cut the rope when the right wave picked up the shore boat below him so he could drop into it. So they got him to the hotel. 'I'll be sending someone to take charge,' he said, last thing. He didn't trust any of us, not even the mate, who always remembered the time he'd been chained to the chicken coop and fed corn. But then he'd been fool enough to haul Masterman back when he was about to go overside. It used to make him brood.

"I don't know what arrangements Masterman made, but he was clever. He knew he'd never get another crew at Fayal if his present one deserted. He had the Portuguese police keep a detachment on board. He hired a retired naval commander to see to the ship. It took forty-one days to repair her and by then Masterman was back on board, against all the advice of the surgeons. They had wanted to cut his leg off and he told them he could have done that himself, fourteen days before. Now his mind was made up. He'd come into the world with two legs and he was going out the same way. Made them reset the bone. Miracle that he lived.

"None of us had been allowed ashore at Fayal. We'd had good food though, and a rest. 'You'll be able to work all the better now,' said Masterman when he saw us. 'We're damned short-handed.' And so he drove us again. Hobbling around on a crutch which he'd use to hit a man. A devil, I said. But a man. Damn him!

"I could tell you a lot more that happened before we docked in Brooklyn. Except we had fair winds and smooth seas, the run would have been a worse hell than the last. We'd left Liverpool short-handed and we'd lost men since. The mate and the cook had to go aloft at times. Drive, drive, drive! And when it wasn't handling sails it was getting the packet fixed for docking. We tarred the decks and holystoned 'em, so they'd have a grayish tinge. We tarred down stays. We scraped yards and masts and varnished 'em. It was a custom of the clippers to dock looking like a yacht. And the Pride of Lahore was a sweet clipper, like I said. Bright-work shining; scroll-work on her cutwater. Brass like gold. Masterman was proud of her.

"You can figure how we worked to get her in shape, when it took both watches to handle the canvas even in a light breeze. But that was the custom. Clippers dressed like ladies when they ended the voyage. Nobody cares now how a packet comes home!

"There isn't a lot more. Just something that Stevens did when we docked in Brooklyn. It was that door I just had fixed that reminded me. . . . Craftsmanship, see? The old times! . . . We harbor-stowed the sails while the tug took us in. Put white canvas covers over 'em and wrapped 'em with blackleaded gaskets. Squared th' yards and washed down decks a last time. Every line had to be coiled on its pin. Just so! Neat. A clipper ship coming in. Like a yacht.

"We tied her up to the wharf and made fast. Then Masterman came hobbling down on the main deck for a last inspection, and he kept all hands standing by until he was satisfied. I remember we all watched him, saying nothing; itching to get ashore and away from him. He looked us over at last and laughed. 'If you weren't sailors when we started you are now,' he said. Stevens muttered something under his breath, his eyes like fire. 'Too late now,' Masterman told him. 'You should have got me at sea.'

"He kept us waiting while he lighted a cigar. He must have smoked for a full minute, smiling like the devil he was and enjoying the last of his command. Then he waved one big hand. 'All right. That'll do!' Once a skipper says that at a voyage end you're quits, all but the paying off. The men made a break for the fo'c's'le. The mate and I went aft to pack. Neither of us wanted another voyage under Masterman.

"But there you are. I'll swear that when I went down to the main deck again with my sea bag and chest I hated to leave the packet. It was the ship, you understand? A sweet clipper, and we'd pulled her through hell. The men were already filing ashore, and some of them turned back and swore at Masterman, shook their fists. He stood at the head of the gangway and laughed, smoking his cigar.

"STEVENS was the last. He checked on the gangway and looked at the skipper. 'If I ever catch you ashore . . .' he said. 'Help yourself,' said Masterman. Stevens spat into the dock and started to pick up his sea bag again. And then he stopped. He'd taken a last look along the main deck, where it was all neat and clean. And there was a line that'd fallen off a pin in the main fife rail. Just a couple of coils slipped off, you understand? He sort of shook his head, worried, spat again and then set his sea bag down. He came back up the gangway, past Masterman and over to that line which he set back in place.

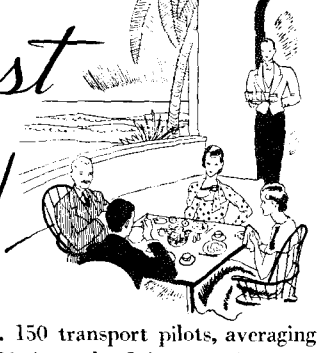
"That was all. He didn't have to do it. He was clear of the ship. He'd gone through hell on her and he hated Masterman. But the ship! The ship, you see. It wasn't right to leave a job not done proper. So he took that trouble to set back the line. . . . He was a sailor! . . ."

My Uncle George blew his massive nose in his red handkerchief and glared around.

"That's what I mean. The old times! Master and man knew their work. The proper job, the proper job! Pride, my boy! . . . But the man who fixed that confounded door! . . ."

Breakfast in New York TODAY

Luncheon on Pacific Coast TOMORROW



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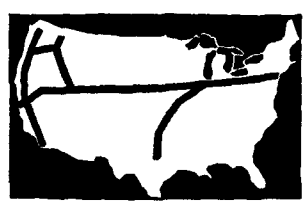

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Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

In Nepal, the little independent country high in the Himalayas, the busiest boys are the astrologers. A man cannot build a house, take a journey, buy a hat or even take a dose of herbs without having the auspicious moment selected for him by one of these "star" salesmen.

An English medical society has begun an agitation in favor of a law which will permit persons suffering from an incurable and fatal disease to end their lives — legally and without moral stigma — through a painless poison prepared by their physicians.

Perishable bits of criminal evidence, such as footprints in mud and dust or teeth marks in candy and fruit now are preserved permanently by a new colloidal substance called moulage.

Insects destroy annually one tenth of the world's crops.—*By R. W. Kleemeier, Cincinnati, Ohio.*

Even railroad stations do not stop rivers on their way to the sea. In London today, the West Bourne River — enclosed in a large metal aqueduct — runs diagonally through the upper part of the waiting-room and out over the tracks of the Sloane Square Station.

Turkey is the only country in the world today which has the majority of its people living *outside* of its boundaries. Three out of every 4 Turks reside in other countries, most of them in China and Russia.

Despite the fact that cigarettes containing marijuana are being secretly sold—especially to young people—in nearly every large city of this country today, only 16 states have laws prohibiting the possession and sale of this drug, which is just about as powerful, and dangerous as opium.

Chinese women today bear—on the average—9 children each.

Rail shipments of raw silk running from the Coast have precedence over all other traffic—even fast passenger trains—as far east as Chicago, because of the insurance and the interest on the heavy investment involved.—*By Marcelline Whalen, San Diego, Calif.*

English, Latin, Russian, Greek and Sanskrit were once the same language.—*By Prof. Paul Faris, Conway, Ark.*

The great majority of disease - producing microbes do not multiply in filth but in the body of man and animals. Moreover they are not transmitted by the air but only by direct contact with microbe - infested skin, insects, utensils, liquids and food.

Somnambulism, the state called "sleepwalking," in which the subconscious mind forces a sleeper into unconscious action, has also made persons play musical instruments, write letters, draw pictures and even solve intricate mathematical problems.

On Rennell Island in the western Pacific, where all efforts to civilize the natives have ended in disaster, the ladies enforce one law which should be adopted by all civilized countries. They absolutely forbid their men to enter their kitchens.

After being terrorized for 500 years, Sicily at last has crushed the Mafia, the world's greatest criminal society. Every citizen, even poor peasants, had to pay protection money to it—or be taken for a casket ride. Today more than 1,000 of its leaders are in jail, serving long-term sentences.

Undoubtedly the greatest waste of literary effort in history was the compilation of a colossal Chinese encyclopedia in the 15th century. Due to its 917,000 pages and 367,000,000 characters, it was too costly to print and few persons ever saw or used its 3 handmade copies.

Jail-breaking is *not* a crime in Texas when the prisoner escapes without using a gun.—*By G. R. Kunkel, San Angelo, Texas.*

Edison's discovery of the principle of the thermionic tube — which today makes possible broadcasting, long-distance telephony, sound pictures and a host of other devices — eventually will prove to be his greatest work, even surpassing the incandescent lamp in economic importance. — *By Orestes H. Caldwell, New York.*

New things: Coal is being sold in small cardboard containers; office buildings are being wired completely for radio sets, and hairsprings of watches are being made of a new alloy which is practically immune to magnetism and temperature — *the first revolutionary change in watchmaking since 1766.*

The Jains of India, in their desire to protect all animal life, maintain today numerous "beast-hospitals" where buffaloes, cows, sheep, fowl, rats, worms, fleas and lice are housed and fed.

Collier's will pay $1 each for unusual facts accepted for this column. Give precise source of information. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

The Turkish Yataghan

Continued from page 9

Chang fell back into shadow and allowed us to pass. Smith whispered something rapidly to the inspector. Then, as he and I entered the room—from which most of the tables had been cleared and stacked at the farther end—I saw the face of the girl Matâri. It was deathly white, and her eyes were terror-stricken.

"Now, Matâri," said Nayland Smith, "will you please go and find Mrs. Chang and request her to come and speak to me?"

"She is . . ." the girl began in a trembling voice—"she is . . ."

"Asleep," said Jo Chang. "If someone go, I go. But I don't know why."

"If anyone goes . . . it must be Matâri," Nayland Smith returned, grimly.

"But . . ." the girl began again—

"Lock her door," said the Chinaman sullenly.

"Indeed? From which side?"

"Lock her door," the Chinaman repeated.

"Then, if you will give Matâri the key, her door can be *un*locked."

JO CHANG darted a lightning glance from the speaker to myself, to Yale. He was calculating his chances. Evidently he assessed them as poor, for, with a slight shrug, he plunged his hand into his trousers pocket, closely watched by the detective, and pulled out a ring of keys. He indicated one and handed the bunch to the girl. Matâri, avoiding our eyes, darted off through a doorway left of the little counter.

A moment later, from some place above, came a weird, muffled cry.

"You go, Greville," said Nayland Smith rapidly. "Yale and I . . . will stay here."

I nodded, and set off. There was a short passage beyond the door, a stairway opening to the left. Up this I ran on to an uncarpeted landing. One of two doors was open; the room beyond dimly lighted. I stepped in, not knowing what to expect. What I saw was this:

The girl Matâri, hands raised to her pale face, was swaying beside the bed, upon which Mrs. Chang, gagged and bound—her eyes blazing like those of a terror-stricken animal—lay motionless!

Silent with amazement, I set to work, and found it no easy task to loose the cunning knots with which she was fastened. First, I unlashed the towel tied over her mouth, and spoke words meant to be reassuring.

She half sat up, moaned, and fell back, closing her eyes.

I could see no evidence of injury, but she was clearly incapable of answering questions; and leaving Matâri in the room, I ran down to report.

Jo Chang was standing where I had left him. Nayland Smith fixed his piercing gaze upon me.

"Alive?" he snapped.

"Just." I replied. "She was tied up and gagged."

"Ah!" He turned to the Chinaman. "There was *one* question I wanted to ask your wife," he said: "Where she obtained those choice Balkan cigarettes which she smokes."

"I tell you," Chang replied, without emotion, "because, tonight, I find out myself."

Most of the lights in the café had been extinguished; but even so I saw a gleam of sudden understanding dawn upon the countenance of Detective-Inspector Yale. He rested his hand upon the Chinaman's shoulder, and:

"Jo Chang," he said, "I arrest you for the murder of Peter Anderman at his house tonight. I warn you that anything you say may be used as evidence against you."

Chang listened to the formal words, unmoved.

"It doesn't matter," he replied calmly. "What is to be, always will be. Dishonor in wife deserve death. But for her this was not to be. I see that my wife has fine dress and silk stocking, and sometime jewels. I think she cheating me in my business. I tell her too that she paint her face too much. And always she smoke, smoke, those little cigarette, which she tell me sister send from Cardiff. She go out too much and business keep me here. But tonight, I creep out to follow.

"She go to house of Peter Anderman. A sailor who is drunk come out and my wife stand close by wall until he go by. Then she ring bell by door. When she has go in, I try door. It is not close. I too go in. There is light in big room, shine out through window. But they are in little room far in, and I cannot see them. They quarrel.

"For long time they there, and then come out. She angry, but he smile, and light cigarette. But his hand shake and match fall.

"I hide as they walk to door. . . . When Peter Anderman go to go in, I appear. He hear my foot, turn, drop cigarette—run . . . but too late. I . . ."

A sound of stumbling footsteps interrupted the unemotional story and, looking across the room, I saw Mrs. Chang stagger in, supported by Matâri. She leaned against the doorpost, staring wild-eyed across at us. Jo Chang appeared neither to have heard nor to have seen her. He continued:

"I throw my arm around him, but one hand he wrench free, to get into one pocket. And I see the shining of long blade. I throw him off and fall back. He spring and strike. I catch his wrist—twist—and dagger fall on carpet—all jewel. So! it is *my* turn—and something must settle."

Mrs. Chang came, dazedly, farther into the room.

SUDDENLY, Jo Chang resorted to illustration. From somewhere (his sleeve I think; it was like a conjuring trick) he produced a knife having a long, wooden handle and a very slender, needle-like blade.

"*I* spring also."

The unemotional voice was raised to a high key. It became sibilant. Eluding the vigilance of Yale, Jo Chang sprang like a leopard upon his wife!

Nothing, I believe, could have saved her, except that "what is to be, will be."

In sheer terror she dropped limply to the floor—no more than one second before that death leap. The blade of Chang's knife was buried halfway to the hilt in a panel of the door! Chang ran to retrieve it.

Uttering a sound which I can only describe as a roar, Detective-Inspector Yale hurled himself upon the Chinaman's back, seized his thick neck, and thrust a knee against his spine. Chang's iron grip on the haft of the knife, never relaxing, drew the blade from the woodwork as he was jerked backward.

"My God!"

Nayland Smith's words sounded like a groan.

Reversing the blade with incredible speed, Jo Chang grasped the hilt of his knife with both hands and plunged it into his broad chest!

Matâri began to utter choking, wailing sounds, as Yale lowered the heavy body to the floor.

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Men eat it up

Continued from page 18

melted butter and chopped parsley—sweet potatoes, baked, mashed, candied. But Ireland, Idaho and New Jersey can't take more than just so much space. Let's hop to the Far East.

The secret of good rice is to boil it fast, uncovered, in plenty of salted water, about two quarts to a cup—and not to cook it till it gets gummy. Dump it out into a strainer and pour boiling water through it so that the grains separate. Put a lump of butter on top and shake the paprika can. Any of the trade-marked sauces based on soy add zest. To use up left-overs, if any, mix in an egg and a dash of curry, shape into flat cakes and fry. Don't forget that rice swells enormously—a cup of it dry will serve four people.

Be Kind to Vegetables

Hopping along, we reach Italy. Macaroni and cheese is good safe kindergarten. Cook the macaroni in boiling salted water till tender. Make a cream sauce as for creamed potatoes, leaving out the onion. Pour over the macaroni in a buttered baking dish. Grate cheese on top and pop into the oven to brown.

Vegetables, in the fair-to-average menu, are nearly always overcooked. Some people prefer steaming, but I always pop my vegetables into boiling water. Cauliflower, if broken into flowerets, never takes more than ten minutes, a bit longer if done whole—and don't leave the cover on. Five minutes will do for corn. String beans take longest, about thirty minutes. To make them more exciting, drain after cooking, put in a saucepan with a tiny bit of cream and let this boil up through them—two minutes will do it. Cook a stalk of mint with peas. When you do asparagus, begin with the bunch standing upright in the water, to boil the underpinnings thoroughly. Then flop the tower over to do the tops only enough to soften them. Wherever else you save on butter, cut loose here.

When it comes to baking, no girl with a modern stove, gas or electric, has any excuse for failure, because they're all equipped with thermometers and charts that tell the novice just what temperature marries best with what she puts in the oven.

But it doesn't do, even then, to pick too elaborate a recipe for a first try-out. Here's one for nut bread that is sure-fire and takes about ten minutes or less to get ready:

Aunty Gert's Nut Bread

1 egg	1 cup milk
¾ cup sugar	1 cup walnuts
Pinch salt	2½ cups flour

2 heaping teaspoons baking powder.

You needn't separate the egg and beat the white and the yolk in lonely splendor—just give it a whisk or two in the bottom of your mixing bowl and pile in the sugar, the salt and the milk and sifted flour alternately, putting the baking powder in with the last half cup and stirring it round. Don't grind up the nuts, just break them in a couple of pieces. Test with the good old broom straw. If the straw comes clean, the bread comes out.

Most men like devil's food cake. This one doesn't get dry—usually it hasn't the time:

Mrs. Mack's Chocolate Cake

2 eggs	1 cup milk
2 cups brown sugar	2 cups flour
½ cup butter	1 teaspoon soda
½ cup cocoa	2 teaspoons vanilla

Beat whites and yolks separately. Cream butter and sugar and add yolks. Mix and sift flour and cocoa. Dissolve soda in milk. Then begin adding flour and milk alternately to the butter-and-yolk mixture. Fold in beaten whites and vanilla. Of course you won't forget to grease the tin.

A good idea is to bake part of this mixture in little gem pans, doing the rest in a larger tin and planning to ice as soon as it gets cold. The world is full of good icings, but here's an easy one:

Mrs. Mack's Icing

White of egg, beaten stiff
Pulverized sugar, to make it stiffer
Lemon juice
Chopped nuts

Mrs. Mack, since she belonged to mother's generation, didn't specify quantities, but it tastes just as good as though she had.

Lots of people think pies are difficult to make, and probably the perfect pie, like the perfect husband, is seldom attained. But the housekeeper who hasn't a lump of trusty pastry dough parked away in her refrigerator is minus a big asset.

Plain Pastry Dough

1½ cups flour	¼ cup butter
¼ cup shortening	½ teaspoon salt

Cold water

Wash butter, pat and form in circular piece. Add salt to flour and work in shortening with fingertips. Moisten to dough with cold water—the colder the better. Toss on board dredged lightly with flour, pat and roll out. Fold in butter, pat and roll out. Fold so as to make three layers, turn halfway round, pat and roll out. Repeat. This dough may be used at once or kept in the refrigerator, wrapped in waxed paper to keep it from drying out.

Aside from regular pies, there are all sorts of things to be done with the precious lump. For example—apple turnovers. These are just big pieces of dough rolled out, filled with apple sauce (with or without a dash of nutmeg) and pinched at the edges. Cook in a moderate oven and serve hot with cream.

Then again—pigs in blankets. These are merely little sausages, rolled in pastry coats, baked and served with fried apple rings. Tartlets are quick—pieces of dough rolled out, stuck in gem pans and filled with anything handy.

Some Salad Secrets

Most girls know how to mix a good salad dressing. Novices might take this and embroider it. Kept in a covered jar in the refrigerator, it is ready for quick use.

French Dressing

½ teaspoon salt	2 tablespoons vine-
¼ teaspoon pepper	gar or lemon juice

4 tablespoons olive oil

Mix and stir till well blended.

Personally, I like a lot more vinegar, taking the bite out with powdered sugar. If the dressing is for a vegetable salad, add chopped onions and perhaps Roquefort cheese, though some people don't like it and it's well to know your crowd. Instead of onions and Roquefort, you can substitute a little garlic. And it looks a lot better with paprika for color.

If you want mayonnaise, take any of the good market brands—but don't use as is. Begin with finely chopped onion, add more salt and pepper and a generous dose of cream. If you have the sour variety, it's even better. This is the kind of dressing that mates with finely chopped white cabbage and diced cucumbers, but in this case it needs an extra dash of lemon juice to be at its best.

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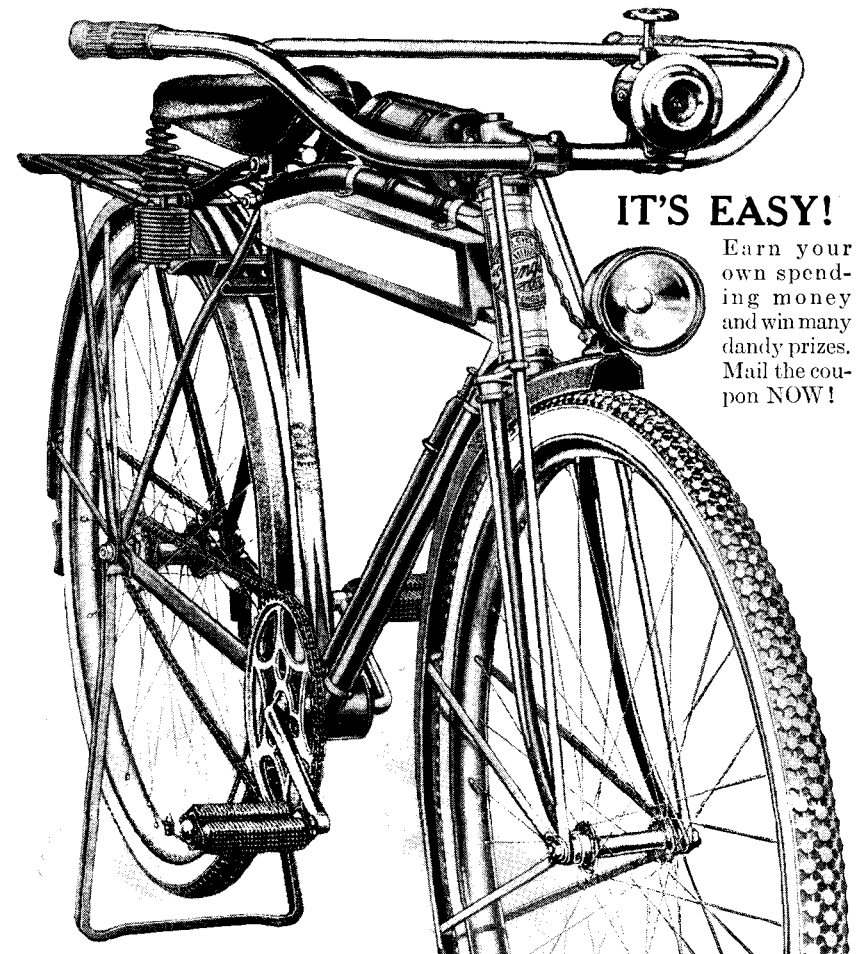

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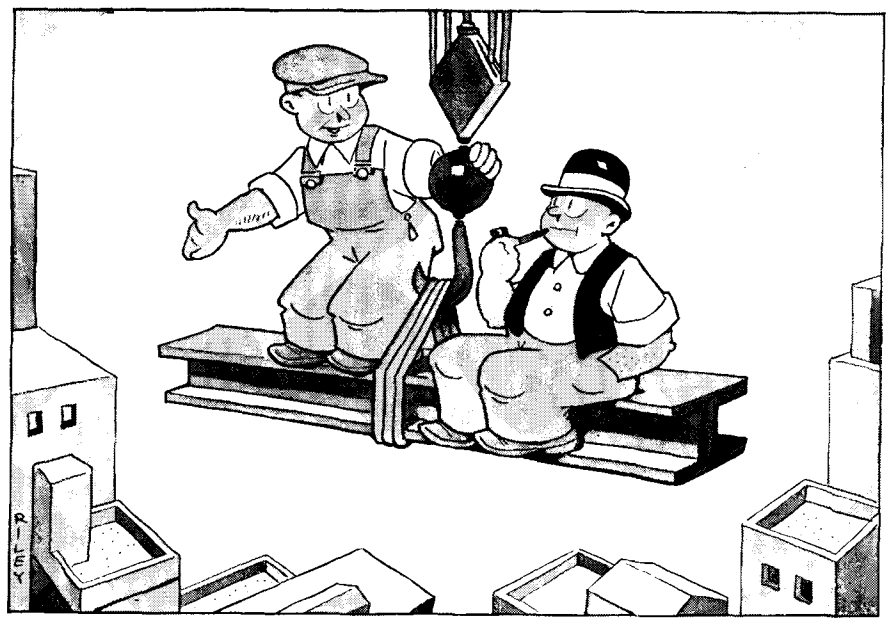

"For a thrill, try playing five spades, doubled and redoubled"

How would you play it?

By Milton C. Work

Author of Common Sense Contract Bridge

North
S. 5-4
H. A-K-Q-6-3-2
D. Q-7
C. 8-7-6

West
S. K-J-10-9-6
H. 9-4
D. 4-3
C. Q-J-10-9

East
S. Q-8-7-2
H. J-10-8-7-5
D. K-8
C. 5-4

South (Dealer)
S. A-3
H. None
D. A-J-10-9-6-5-2
C. A-K-3-2

THE above hand, published in last week's Collier's was played at thirteen tables of Duplicate Contract, and the various Norths and Souths bid it in several different ways, with East and West passing throughout. All reached a final declaration of five Diamonds, except at one table where the only bids were South three Diamonds, North three Hearts, South three No Trumps.

At the table playing the three No Trumps declaration, West led the Jack of Spades. South was forced to lose four Spades and a Diamond, and was set one trick. At the tables at which South struggled with a contract of five Diamonds, West led the Queen of Clubs. Closed hand won, false-carding with the Ace. At most tables, Declarer then led the Ace of Diamonds. He counted four probable losing tricks unless dummy could be put in the lead; finding the King of Diamonds unguarded appeared Declarer's best chance. When the King was not forthcoming Declarer led the King of Clubs followed by a small Club, with the hope of ruffing the fourth round with dummy's Queen of Diamonds. West won the third round, however, and broke up South's strategy by leading a Diamond. East won with the King and returned a Spade; and Declarer was set two.

At three tables, South realized that the exact mathematical chances were 7 to 1 against finding the adverse King of Diamonds unguarded, and reasoned that if, as was more probable, the King had one guard, the adversary holding it could be forced to win the first round with it or to give it up entirely. Therefore, after winning trick 1 with the Club Ace, the two successful Declarers led the Diamond Jack from the South hand and played the Seven from dummy. East realized that his King had to win that trick, so he took it and led a Spade, which South won with the Ace. Declarer then exhausted the adverse trumps and simultaneously put dummy in the lead with a round of Diamonds, after which South discarded a Spade and two Clubs on dummy's three high Hearts, so he lost only one trick.

At the third table South's guile was matched by a daring play by East. When South led the Jack of Diamonds to trick 2, East did a little reasoning of his own. South having bid and re-bid Diamonds without the King or Queen, was marked with the Ace. If South had held a Heart to put dummy in the lead, Declarer never would have surrendered a Diamond trick so willingly. Consequently, Declarer must be planning to get into dummy by winning the second round of Diamonds with dummy's Queen. With discards available for South on dummy's Hearts, game could only be saved (after East won with the King of Diamonds) if East and West could take two tricks immediately. Since West would have opened a Spade suit headed by Ace-King, two immediate Spade tricks could be won *only* if West held Ace-Jack. East decided that this slim chance was outweighed by the possibility that South would hold *three* eventual losers if dummy's Hearts were shut out. So East decided to sacrifice his King of Diamonds and permit the first round to be won by South's Jack. Then South's Ace took East's King at trick 3, exhausting the adverse Diamonds, and ending all hope of putting dummy in the lead. South then played four more rounds of Diamonds, trying to force West to discard a Club. West, however, discarded two Hearts and two Spades, and Declarer was set one trick.

Next week's hand is given below; determine how you would bid and play it before reading next week's description.

North
S. 7
H. Q-7-5-4-2
D. 4-2
C. Q-10-8-6-3

East
S. K-4-3-2
H. A-J-10-9
D. Q-J
C. 9-5-4

West
S. A-10-9-8-6-5
H. 8
D. 7-6-5
C. A-K-J

South (Dealer)
S. Q-J
H. K-6-3
D. A-K-10-9-8-3
C. 7-2

The Big Pink

Continued from page 17

perhaps he'll recite for us, although Doctor Frisbee says it's frightfully bad for his neurosis. You will come, won't you?"

Winship fumbled for an evasion at once plausible and courteous. Eddie spoke.

"All right. We'll come."

Winship stared at him, amazed and angry. Without more words Eddie jogged away and almost willingly Winship pursued him. Having rounded another wooded elbow, he seized Eddie's arm and allowed himself to speak with heat.

"Why in the world should you want to spend an evening listening to—?"

Eddie's eye rolled sidelong toward him.

"Want to? Do I look that crazy, Doc?"

RELIEF only intensified Winship's bewilderment.

"But you told Miss Mellish—"

"Tsk!" Eddie made a sound almost compassionate. "If I hadn't told her we'd come she'd be oh-pleasing us yet. Best way to handle her kind is to yes 'em right off the bat and beat it."

"But tonight, when we fail to appear—"

Eddie sighed.

"Oh, be yourself, Doc! We didn't appear last night, did we? When we don't show up tonight Cissy'll dope out whatever answer suits her best and the next time she sees us before we see her she'll tell us what it is. It's a good system, Doc."

"It seems to smack of equivocation," Winship objected.

"Equivo—what?"

"Equivocation. Mendacity, you know, deception—"

"Oh." Eddie understood at last. "Well, Doc, when you're up against a woman like Cissy Mellish you can take your choice between equivo-what-do-you-call-it and the old stiff arm. You've either got to equivocate Cissy or else put the heel of your hand against her face and sort of push."

Winship discovered, as the jog-trot was resumed, that the brutal suggestion possessed a morbid fascination for him.

This was all the more blameworthy because Miss Mellish was one of the few young women of whom it was possible to approve. He ought to have done his best to bring Eddie under her refining, stimulating influence. Quite possibly, thus influenced, Eddie might come in time to be like Arthur Maybury.

The name stirred a vague association in Winship's mind. Somewhere he had heard unfavorable comment upon someone named Maybury, Arthur Maybury. He remembered. Three years ago he'd heard Professor Finch, a member of the discipline committee, refer to this self-same Arthur Maybury as the hell-raisingest freshman ever inflicted on a helpless college.

Hell-raisingest! Winship spared a bitter thought for the injustice that could promote to full professorship a man capable of using this expression while sound scholarship and dignity went unrewarded. He brought his mind, with an effort, back to Artie.

Quite possibly Miss Mellish had been largely instrumental in developing, from the hell-raisingest of freshmen, the studious, staid, sandpiper-photographing senior of today. Upon Eddie Jewett she might have a similar effect. It was unmistakably Winship's duty, therefore, to foster and abet a friendship between his charge and this young woman. Facing a clear realization of this truth, Winship underwent an experience wholly new and strange.

For the first time in his life he did not wish to do his duty.

He wished not to do it.

Puzzled but impenitent, he trotted on. Eddie turned into a woodland path that bent away from the beach and merged itself, after a little distance, into a wider and more traveled byway. Rounding a sharp angle, the runners came suddenly upon Ronald Bedloe, returning from his hour of occupational readjustment at the sanitarium.

Turning at the sound of heavy footfalls, Mr. Bedloe blinked.

"Little ex'cise," Eddie said elliptically.

His uncle continued to blink.

"Good way to get up 'napp'tite for dinner."

"What for?" Bedloe spoke sharply. "What's an appetite good for after you've got it?"

"Roast beef." Eddie's thumbs and forefingers offered a generously circular illustration. Bedloe's scowl faded. He sighed.

"I haven't tasted roast beef since Julie—since I developed my neurosis."

"No wonder you're sick all the time."

"Frisbee says that high-protein foods are simply poison to me."

"Well, cut 'em out, then, and stick to regular food," Eddie counseled. "Like this roast beef we're going to have tonight."

"Tonight? Where are you dining?"

"Why home—at your place."

"At my house? On roast beef? Are you quite sure?"

"Certainly I'm sure." Eddie wagged his head. "I never take any chances about my food. Any place I go I always look up the cook and tell her what I eat. Everybody ought to. Saves your hostess the trouble of trying to guess what you like. They're apt to guess wrong, too. Know what Aunt Julie was going to hand us for dinner tonight? Shirred eggs and spinach! Can you tie that? For a man that's training for a fi—" he paused, coughed. "Anyway, we get roast beef. Come on, Doc. Let's show some speed."

Bedloe gazed after them. His lips moved slowly.

"Roast beef," he murmured. "Hum. Yes." His head tilted slightly, as if to listen intently to an inner voice. "Appetite. Hum. Yes. Quite so."

His glance fell to the small packet he carried. He opened this, revealing a circular bit of linen upon which, not too expertly, a large pansy had been portrayed in silken stitches. His face darkened. He moved as if to cast the embroidered flower from him. Instead, however, he pocketed it. Again he submerged himself in thought.

"Appetite," he murmured. "Hum. Yes. Exercise. Quite so."

He closed his hands into small, tight fists and, placing these firmly against his bosom, embarked upon a movement that bore a distant, ghostly likeness to a trot.

THERE was a moon, slightly lopsided, but nevertheless a *moon*. It hung high, shedding a mysterious luster upon the waters of the Cove, turning the lawn ash-silver and casting upon it shadows that were intensely black. There was a furtive movement of air, wafting faint blending smells of kelp and shellfish and the salty coolness of the Sound. There were hushed noises, whispering of little waves and leaves, the sleepy mutter of a motorboat.

By all these influences Winship was

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strangely moved. They inspired in him a melancholy that was not wholly sad; the pain of them lay very near to pleasure. They stirred memories, brought to his mind words that he did not know were written there:

"In such a night as this,
When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees
And they did make no noise, in such a night,
Troilus, methinks, mounted the Troyan wall
And sigh'd his soul toward the Grecian tents,
Where Cressid lay. . . ."

In the act of sighing his soul toward the Borden cottage, Winship was obliged to pause and listen to the disturbing coo of Mrs. Bedloe.

"It's so *gallant* of you to stay, when every hour must be torment for you!"

"Not at all," Winship said hastily. "Don't mention it."

"I must mention it! I feel so selfish! Giving so little when you're giving so terribly much!"

WINSHIP adopted Eddie's policy of nonresistance. He spoke no word.

"It's almost nine, and dear Edwin hasn't even mentioned going out!"

Winship nursed a vague grievance against young Mr. Jewett on precisely this account. Immediately after dinner Eddie had sighed deeply, chosen the deepest chair, folded his hands above his waistcoat and composed himself to slumber. His Uncle Ronald had followed his example, without protest on Mrs. Bedloe's part. Rather pointedly without protest, Winship felt, facing the duty of providing for his hostess a hearkening, waking ear.

This ear he had now provided for what seemed a long, long time. More and more, as by silence or vague mumble he encouraged Mrs. Bedloe in the conviction that unhoping passion for herself had brought and kept him here, he came to resent the wastage of an evening self-evidently designed for other purposes.

There were far better uses for this moon-illumined night, tempered by soft-moving, sweetly scented airs.

"In such a night
Stood Dido with a willow in her hand
Upon the wild sea banks, and waft her love
To come again to Carthage."

The words, rising unbidden to memory's surface, brought Winship to his feet. He saw the picture: the strip of silver sand, the restless waters, the figure by the marge, lifting the magic willow. He could even see the face. Shakespeare had foreseen, apparently, that some day a Wilhelmina Borden would exist.

There must be some escape. Must be. *In such a night—! When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees. . . !* It wasn't possible to stay here, listening to Julie Bedloe. Her face was temptingly near. To place the heel of his hand against it and sort of push! Impossible, of course; unthinkable. And yet . . .

This, or equivocation. Through the open window he caught sight of Eddie, outstretched, immobile. His grievance rankled. If it had pleased Eddie to go out this evening they would not be here. If Eddie wished to go, he went. If—

"Excuse me. I must speak to Eddie."

He went swiftly indoors, laid hand on Eddie's shoulder.

"Wake up," he said urgently.

Mr. Jewett stirred and muttered.

"Wake up! Weren't we to do something this evening? I seem to remember some appointment—"

In the act of opening his eyes Eddie manifestly achieved complete wakefulness.

"Why, sure, Doc. Didn't we promise we'd ooze over and meet Whatshisname? You know—Pie Eye or something?"

"Pie Eye!" Mrs. Bedloe had come in. Her voice was shocked.

"Eddie refers to Mr. Ethelbert Pfitz," Winship enlightened her. In the swelling relief of the moment he could even speak kindly of the preposterous fellow. "The poet, you know, who expresses himself in terms of mathematics."

Mrs. Bedloe was not wholly reassured. "But I've always thought pie-eyed meant—meant intoxicated."

Winship smiled. "In mathematics the meaning is quite different," he said. "Pi is the Greek letter P. It is used as a symbol for the transcendental number 3.141592. And i—the small i, you know, not the capital letter—is the symbol for the square root of minus one. Mr. Pfitz has written a poem called The Cube Root of Pi i and it is to this that Edwin referred. Mr. Pfitz is giving a —a reading, I believe, at Miss Mellish's home, this evening, and—"

Mrs. Bedloe's eyes were wide, now, and starry.

"Of course! How stupid of me! I remember perfectly. We've asked Mr. Pfitz to address the Current Topics Club at Leicester. What a privilege for dear Edwin to meet him here! And at Cecelia's, too! Such a dear girl! So sweetly feminine and yet so finely intellectual. I'm so glad you're going to know her better, Edwin."

She urged them eagerly forth. Safely beyond earshot, Eddie spoke:

"Had to get out, did you, Doc?"

"Well, I—the fact is, I—"

"I know, Doc. You can stick around with old people just so long and then you got to get away from 'em or choke."

This, Winship realized, was sufficiently close to the facts to stand unchallenged.

"Well, where'll we go?" Eddie backed his car skillfully into the night.

Winship hesitated. He did not wish to let Eddie guess in whose direction he had lately sighed his soul, and yet, unguided, it was improbable that Eddie would heed the waftings of the magic willow. Inspiration came to him.

"We might stop and ask Beechy to come with us," he suggested cunningly.

"All right." Mr. Jewett showed a marked lack of enthusiasm. "I guess I can stand her this once more if you really want her tagging along."

He turned into the winding drive toward the Borden cottage. His manner reassured Winship against an uneasy self-reproach for exposing his charge, needlessly, to the influence of Beechy Gwynn. As long as they cordially disliked each other neither of these young people could have any very bad effect upon the other.

THE lighted windows of the Mellish cottage seemed to lift Eddie's spirits.

"I hate to think of Art Maybury, in there getting a big earful about the cube-rooting of Pie-Eyed Dan McGrew!"

He spoke with vindictive irony. Winship's conscience smote him. He could justify himself for having led his charge away from the false teachings of Ethelbert Leffingwell Pfitz, but he knew that he had done so from unworthy, selfish motives. By way of atonement he felt compelled to defend young Maybury, a young man notably *integer vitæ, scelerisque purus.*

"I hope that I can persuade you to alter your opinion of Arthur," he said. "He—"

"Oh, I change my mind about him every time I see him, Doc."

"Good!" Winship spoke with a heartiness not wholly sincere. Instead of being pleased, he was, he discovered, vaguely disappointed.

"Yes. Every time I see him I think he's more of a twit than I thought before."

"Oh." Again Winship found himself feeling the wrong emotion. Twit. The epithet, conveying no specific meaning to him, seemed, nevertheless, admirably descriptive of Mr. Maybury.

"Too bad, too. Art didn't use to be so ghastly before he fell for Cissy Mellish. She's the cold poison that's made him what he is today."

Singularly Winship found himself in sympathy with Eddie's tone. Instead of admiring Miss Mellish for the splendid influence she had exerted upon Arthur Maybury, he was tempted to dislike her. He knew better, of course. He knew that what she had done for Maybury was precisely what ought to be done for Eddie. And yet, in Reason's very teeth, he did not want this done.

"It's too bad," Eddie repeated. "There ought to be something we could do about it before poor old Art sinks for the third and last time."

He meditated briefly. "We could ask Beechy. She might think of something, and she'd certainly be glad to help."

"Do you think so?" Winship was dubious. "She seems to hold Maybury in even lower esteem than you do."

"Yeah, but she'd help, all the same, I guess. She's got one of those big hearts you read about and, besides that, she hates Cissy's guts."

The deplorable coarseness of the expression did not offend Winship as it should have done. He felt, indeed, that no less pungent locution would have served to indicate the degree of Beechy's feelings as to Cecelia Mellish.

THE car swerved and halted before Miss Borden's house. Winship climbed out as the horn burst into fretful voice. Beechy had evidently expected the summons. She danced lightly down the steps.

"Just in time!" she whispered. "One more minute and I'd have started howling like a dog! Come on!"

Winship resisted the urgent invitation of her hands. "I—if your aunt is at home, I thought—"

"She's on the porch," Beechy said.

"Do you think she would allow me to—"

"You can find out, easy enough." Beechy's voice sounded strange, Winship thought. "Go around and ask her."

Winship heeded the advice. Having passed the corner of the house, he could dimly see that the box-hammock was tenanted. He set his foot resolutely on the lowest stair.

"Is that you, Doctor Winship?" The voice was frozen music. "Beechy went out by the front door. You'll find her at the car."

It seemed to Winship that he actually felt the heel of a hand place itself against his face and sort of push. As he stood, resisting this, another voice came to him:

"As I was saying, dear lady, I diagnose the restlessness of the younger generation as due, in many cases, to a neurosis, a neurosis to be treated by proper neuropathic measures. Occupational readjustment. . . ."

Soundlessly Winship retreated. In such a night as this! The magic willow, prostituted for the wafting of a—a Rufus Frisbee! Hah!

Strangely gentle, Beechy's voice came through the darkness:

"Come on, Beekie. We're trying to think of some place to go."

The madness that inspires hopeless men to desperate deeds descended upon Winship. He climbed into the car.

"Why not Nevada Sullivan's?" he said. "Let's go!"

(To be continued next week)

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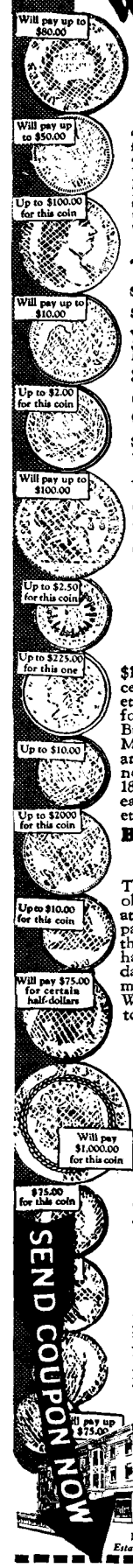
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The Red Czar

Continued from page 23

whole series of splendid "Downs!" followed and on the next day adorned the banners of the demonstrators. The demonstration was a success. Stalin's slogans took possession of the city. The breach between the Bolsheviks and the other revolutionary parties became self-evident.

From that time on even more circumstantial rumors began to be circulated in the streets of the capital, in the government palaces and in the foreign embassies, to the effect that the Bolsheviks were hatching a conspiracy financed by German gold, and the press even published figures and details. The facts that the Germans had helped Lenin to return to Russia and that he had immediately set to work to incite the people against the war did indeed lend color to the suspicion that he was in the pay of the German secret service.

These charges did not fail to arouse the Bolsheviks, who were filled with indignation. Trotsky, who was accused of having received a million dollars in America from the Germans, wrote whole volumes in self-defense. He bombarded the ministers and embassies with hysterical letters of protest. Lenin and all the other leading Bolsheviks followed his example. Stalin alone took no active part in this dispute. Once only when he was questioned point-blank on the subject of German gold did he deign to reply, in his indolent, phlegmatic way, "It is all capitalistic spite!"

Lenin's Private Property

Meanwhile the capital was growing ever more and more uneasy. At night, when Stalin repaired to his lodgings, he saw suspicious-looking individuals standing about the street corners, who took sinister stock of him and then allowed him to pass. He knew exactly what they were up to. If, instead of his shabby military tunic, he had been wearing a respectable overcoat, he would not have been able to escape without a fight or bloodshed. Even Lenin was not spared. During a conference at which he passionately advocated the abolition of private property, Lenin's fur coat was stolen by one of his enthusiastic listeners.

Shots could be heard in the night, and the inhabitants were disturbed by sudden alarms. Piercing shrieks were heard from victims of robbery or murder. Armed soldiers reeled drunk through the streets, swearing to die for the Revolution, and meanwhile plundering the passers-by. Depressing news came from the front. The offensive had failed. The soldiers were fraternizing with the enemy. Delegations of wild and disorderly soldiers, sailors and workers appeared before the soviets demanding that those councils should seize the reins of power. From time to time bodies of troops would mutiny, while the Bolsheviks continued to make open preparations for their insurrection. The faces of the Menshevik leaders of the soviets grew longer.

Two representatives of a machine-gun detachment full of Bolshevik enthusiasm forced their way into a meeting of the Bolsheviks' conference on the third of July, and demanded that the conference should lead the insurrection planned by the detachment. The conference, with Stalin at its head, demurred. The responsibility was great and in case of failure the Bolsheviks would be exposed to the vengeance of the government parties.

But while the negotiations were still in progress, the insurrection broke out, and under the leadership of the machine-gun detachment, which sent its representatives into the factories, the armed workers poured out into the streets.

In obedience to a sign from Stalin, who was still speaking against the insurrection, two comrades, who had been especially selected beforehand, quickly left the room to take over the leadership of the rising.

Thus did the first Bolshevik insurrection of July break out, and thus did civil war develop out of the Revolution. For the first time since the overthrow of the Czar the streets of St. Petersburg were red with the blood of revolutionaries. That night the Central Committee posted its sentries and issued its ultimatum: "All power to the soviets!"

But, humorously enough, those who were most terrified were the members of the Soviet themselves, the majority of whom were still anti-Bolshevik. On the fourth of July, the Bolsheviks were officially declared by the Soviet to be the betrayers of the Revolution, and the only troops that remained loyal to the government, the Volhynia regiment, were thrown into the struggle against them. Street fighting lasted all through the night, and on the fifth of July martial law was proclaimed in St. Petersburg and the insurrection was stamped out. Bodies of troops summoned from the front established order. Those troops which were loyal to the Bolsheviks left the city.

On the morning of the fifth, the vanquished Bolshevik leaders met together. "Now we shall be shot, one after the other," observed Lenin to Trotsky. "This is the most favorable opportunity they will get." But Lenin overestimated his opponents. The plain, honest revolutionaries, the Mensheviks, the Social Revolutionaries, and their like were incapable of taking energetic measures against their colleagues of yesterday. In spite of the open insurrection, not a single Bolshevik was shot, and even those who were arrested were soon released. True, a warrant for Lenin's arrest was issued, but he was given time to go into hiding, and as for the rest, it was decided to punish the Bolsheviks with contempt.

Only eleven days after the abortive insurrection Stalin was able to convene a special sitting of the St. Petersburg Bolsheviks, at which he made a long speech outlining the program of the party. He complacently pointed out that the ordinary revolution was finished and done with, that the social revolution was now beginning, and bitterly deplored the fact that the proof-readers and compositors of the *Pravda*, which had been suppressed, would now have to be paid 30,000 rubles for nothing! He regarded this as a proof of the baseness of the bourgeois parties, and concluded with the assurance that the July insurrection had been subdued only because the Bolsheviks, for tactical reasons, had wished it to be subdued.

The assembled Bolsheviks were filled with enthusiasm and everywhere, on the streets, in the factories, among the workmen and the soldiers, Stalin's slogan, "Bread, peace, freedom!" was exhibited. These three words soon dominated the streets of St. Petersburg.

Meanwhile, events crowded thick and fast upon one another. After the failure of the offensive against the Germans at the front and the meeting of the government conference in Moscow, a coalition of all the non-Bolshevik parties was formed under Kerensky's leadership, and a government set up for saving the Revolution. In it the Socialists and the bourgeoisie made common cause against the Bolsheviks.

And it was in the midst of this chaos of Bolshevik conspiracies, offensives undertaken by his own generals, hunger, treachery and wild outbursts of enthusiasm, that the Social Revolutionary, Alexander Kerensky, who was Premier, Minister for War, Naval Minister, Minister of Justice and Home Secretary all rolled into one—in fact, the embodiment of the February Revolution—continued to carry on the struggle. He fought against his own ministers, against his own generals, against Bolshevik demagogy, against treachery and nemesis, using only the honorable weapons of the intellectual—persuasion, explanations and appeals to reason. He still believed that in this Russian state, which was tumbling to pieces about his ears, the dictates of reason must play the determining part! "Save the Revolution! Save the Revolution!" he yelled above the heads of the riotous throng left and right of him, and he shrieked the words with the last remaining strength of a doomed man.

"Bread, Peace, Freedom!"

But in the streets and squares of St. Petersburg his cry was met by Stalin's three short words: "Bread, peace, freedom!" The people of St. Petersburg and the disorganized soldiery believed that the Bolsheviks really had it in their power to give them bread and peace.

"Bread, peace, freedom!" roared the mob; and above the mob, above the roaring, raving, murderous, starving people of St. Petersburg, hovered Lenin's slanting Mongolian eyes, Trotsky's demoniacal pointed beard and, in the background, Stalin's cynical, smiling face with its cruel, predatory Caucasian eyes. Old Russia was doomed!

Not far from St. Petersburg, near a primitive little village and in the middle of a rain-sodden field, stood a small tent in which sat a bald-headed man with slanting Mongolian eyes and high Tartar cheek bones. He was writing, reading, and hatching sinister plans. It was Lenin, hiding in this tent from those who were trying to arrest him. He smiled self-complacently. At night the veteran Activist Stalin, who was responsible for keeping him in touch with the party, would come to him. At the moment of greatest danger, when Bolshevism might have been extinguished forever at one blow, when Trotsky was in custody in Kresty prison, Lenin turned to Stalin.

He entirely trusted the Georgian's gifts for conspiracy and he was not mistaken. Nobody knew the way from Basseinaya Street to Lenin except Stalin, and he took care that the party reins should not slip from the hands of the leader even in the days of his absence.

In the dirty little tent during the bitter northern nights the conspiracy which led to the great October Revolution was skillfully prepared by Lenin and Stalin, two experts according to all the best rules of the conspirator's art.

This article is the fourth of a series. The fifth will appear in next week's Collier's.

"Junk this scene—we're going to have 'em elope"

George Shellhase

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Wheat's Here to Stay

Continued from page 11

a bushel and not lose any money, let us look back at the situation as it has existed for the past few years. Take 1918 as the beginning. In that year wheat was selling at $3 a bushel and yet, taking the costs of everything else into consideration, the political farmers were loudly asserting that the honest-to-goodness farmers, who get their hands dirty once in a while, were not able to produce at that price. But they were; they did, and they made a lot of money. Then when wheat dropped to $2 a bushel and the wail became louder and shriller the farmers still made money, plenty of it. Next came a price of $1.65, then $1.25, finally thirty cents and, as a Kansas farmer pointed out to me, every one of these price reductions was met by cuts in production costs by men who used their heads, and properly industrialized their farms. And so the inference is unescapable that if the progressive American wheat growers had not been interfered with by the politicians they would probably long ago have solved their own problems.

A Glimpse into the Future

There are, however, two very definite sides to the picture. Kansas, you see—and Kansas, I believe, produces one fourth of the hard-wheat crop of the United States—has recently passed a law prohibiting corporation farming, or rather, a law forbidding the formation of any more corporations for farming purposes. While it is entirely permissible for anyone to disagree with the wisdom of this anti-corporation law, it does not necessarily follow that one is justified in assuming that the Kansas legislators are opposed to tractors, combines and the other essential features that go with decreased production costs on large, industrialized farms. But suppose that they are, or better yet, suppose that the political thinkers of the entire wheat belt are opposed to the industrialization of large acreages and are willing to pull in their flag as a forward-looking producing section and beat a hasty and disgraceful retreat before the onslaught of the Russian product, what then will happen?

Well, as the years go by the wheat belt will see its magnificent prairies, potentially able to feed the world, cut up into small tracts whereon men with bent backs, lusterless eyes and stunted intellects will toil from dawn till dark for the bare necessities of life. Without industrialization of its wheat areas the United States will be out of the world's wheat market; production will be restricted to domestic consumption, and the wheat farmer, now well off in spite of all the troubles that have beset him since the government began to feed him with a nursing bottle, will become about the poorest man in the nation.

Nor can this opinion be construed as an argument solely in favor of corporation farming. Corporation farming is merely an incident in the history of the industrialization of wheat growing. An individual, on a large enough unit of land, can modernize his operations just as well as a corporation, and furthermore, as Mr. Bird told me, the individual can produce at less cost than the corporation because of having less management overhead and no dividends to pay.

There is, however, as was said when we were discussing the desire of a progressive farmer to expand, an acreage below which it will not pay the individual to go. Eight hundred acres, as I gathered from a good deal of inquiry, is barely enough to justify the ownership of a combine and the other machinery essential to economical wheat farming, but as a man can work twice that much land with that same machinery, and thus get twice as much return out of his implement investment, it seems that 1,600 acres, or preferably three sections, 1,920 acres—because one fifth should lie fallow every year—is about as small a farm as should be operated in the wheat belt.

By this, however, it is not necessarily meant that every farmer in the wheat belt should *own* three sections of land in order to secure the cheapest form of production. Not at all. The idea this writer intends to convey here is merely that the *ideal farm unit* is probably three sections, and therefore if three farmers owning a section apiece, for example, will join in purchasing the necessary equipment for the proper cultivation of their three farms the same economic result will be attained and none of them will be burdened with a too-heavy machinery investment.

Of course this has all been said many times before, but now that the government is fostering the idea of coöperative marketing to such an extent, it can do no harm to suggest that coöperative production is likewise a very good way to save money. It is in fact a much better way to save it than the other because in coöperative production the saving begins and ends right on the farm, where the farmer can watch it, whereas in coöperative marketing the saving is effected nobody seems to know where, and by the time the returns on it (which have suffered severely from the corrosive effects of commissions, storage charges and fat salaries) get back to the farmer they have dwindled almost to the vanishing point.

Assuming then that industrialized farming, with farm units of a normally large size, does come into vogue in the wheat belt, what kind of a picture do we now have before us? It isn't, this time, a picture of men with bowed backs working for a mere living. In a machine age like the present a man with a crawler tractor under him and with plenty of room in which to operate has a feeling of strength and independence that will never come to him from trailing along in a furrow behind a four-horse team.

A Free Hand for the Farmer

The spirit of international competition will likewise enter into his very soul. Get the government out of his way, allow him to produce all he wants to, permit the unrestricted law of supply and demand to control the price of his grain, and there is no reason on earth why the farmer of the American wheat belt should not dominate the world in his particular line.

He has the soil, the climate, the ingenuity and he hopes that he is a citizen of the most progressive nation on earth. He also has the desire. I know he has—I talked with too many not to know it. Why throttle him either by state restrictions or Federal aid?

Knowing, as he does, that there are millions of hungry people in the world, he very logically argues that it's not up to him to curtail production. It's the other way round. It's up to those who are in control of international relations to help him out, and to help the hungry out also, by stimulating distribution. But it must be a sane distribution. The wheat-belt farmer doesn't want any more such foolish transactions as that one of swapping his wheat for Brazilian coffee. He knows all about that trade. It comes briskly home to him every time he looks at his pile of cash wheat which, in many cases, is still piled out in the field.

I talked with a man in Salina who operates a flour mill and who buys his wheat from Kansas farmers. He is not buying as much this year as he did last year because his annual contract with Brazil, calling for 10,000 barrels, has been canceled. The farmers in that vicinity know that that happened. It happened with many mills and to just the extent that flour contracts have been canceled the farmers' wheat remains unsold at the present moment.

Faith in the Future

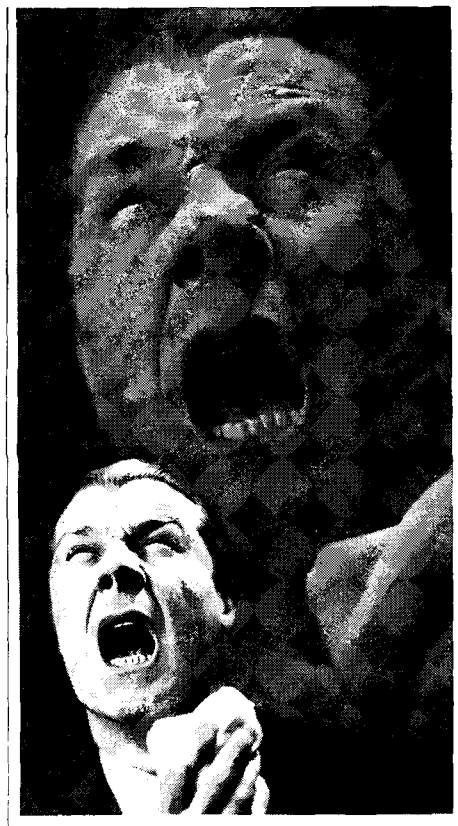
The farmers, however, do not relish the thought that the government lays the blame for this state of affairs at their door. As real wheat farmers they are not afraid of overproduction. They've had surpluses before. Every time they've had one they've managed eventually to come out on top, and now, so far as I could find out, at the end of a year when Russia has taken over the European market, they are rather resentful of the idea that their own government wants them to lie down and quit before the competition of an illiterate peasantry. They'd far prefer to expand, industrialize and stay in the game.

Such men as the one who lives in the sod house are not numerous in the wheat belt. On the other hand, the political farmers who live in mental sod houses, and who would like to curtail acreage and see wheat culture go back to the days of the cradle and the flail are as thick as flies.

To be sure, between the huge farm, either corporately or individually owned and raising nothing but wheat, and the small farm, too small to be industrialized, there is the right economic unit. In the end the farmers of the wheat belt will find that out. They are too smart not to. They are still basic citizens. Here at home they fully realize the challenge of the corporation farm, and from abroad they resent that of Russia. They are "rarin' to go." Like the strong man in the Bible they rejoice at the thought of the race, and as I think of it I know of no single incident that more strongly shows the faith of the wheat farmer in his own future than the following:

I was talking to a small farmer who on 320 acres of land had raised about 6,400 bushels of wheat. "When I found I couldn't get but twenty-five cents a bushel on my farm for it," he said, "I scratched my chin and did some tall thinking. I can't produce wheat at that price, I said to myself, and so I'll just keep the crop. I stored it, and then, as I had some extra money in the bank, I just went out and bought another 6,400 bushels and stored that too. Now you see I've got next year's crop on hand at less than I can grow it for. I'll probably fallow my land and let her lay and then, in 1933, I'll get in an extra big harvest."

As this is being written that farmer's faith is being justified already; the wheat he is holding has doubled in value; but, as we have already asked, what are we going to do to create a market for all the wheat these optimistic farmers can and will produce? Huh! Nobody but Uncle Sam, commodity dealer and general storekeeper, can answer that riddle and so far his efforts along that line have been pretty feeble.



Check LITTLE COUGHS BEFORE THEY GROW UP!

THINK of your throat: its delicate membranes and its thousands of nerve endings—exposed to all kinds of irritations—dust, germs, smoke, dry indoor air, cold, heat! No wonder we get coughs so easily!

But it's also easy (luckily) to *stop little coughs from becoming big coughs.* Smith Brothers' Cough Drops do this—surely and quickly. They soothe irritation, calm throat nerves and relieve the dry, annoying tickle. A cough hasn't got a chance! . . .

ALSO USE THEM FOR

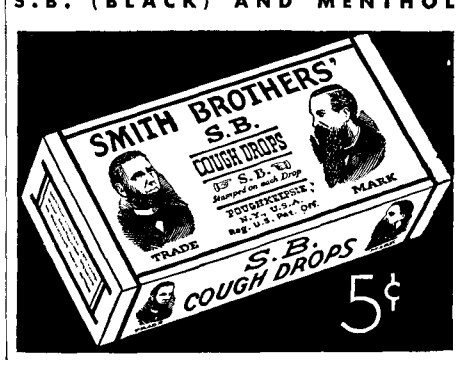
CIGARETTE DRYNESS—*when your palate is dry as dust from smoking, a Smith Brothers' Cough Drop spreads refreshing coolness.*

AT THE "TALKIES"—*take a box with you as protection against coughs. You'll enjoy the show more. And your neighbors will thank you.*

CANDY—*ever since great grandmother's girl days, lots of people have liked Smith Brothers' Cough Drops as candy. (Children, specially.) The S. B. flavor is pure, old-fashioned and delicious.*

PEACEFUL SLEEP—*put one in your mouth at bedtime. Coughs won't bother you all night long.*

—2 KINDS—
S.B. (BLACK) AND MENTHOL



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his proposition with the end of my rope."

She said peculiarly, "Yet, after you talked to the sheriff, you went to my father and got this job."

"Absolutely not! I had this job before I talked to Hopper."

"Then why," she asked him bluntly, "did you want this job?"

He considered. "Maybe," he said at last, "it was partly because it looked to me as if you needed some help in something you were trying to do."

She said slowly, "Do you mean that, Kentucky?"

"It stands."

"Then—" she spoke with difficulty—"you're free to go. Ride out of this, and try to forget everything that has happened here! Some day I hope to see you again; I swear that I truly appreciate what you've done. But there's nothing more that you can do here now."

"I'm not so sure of that," he answered.

"What can I say," she burst out, "that will make you believe me?"

"Tell me this. Who asked you to try to get that bullet out of the evidence, Miss Ragland?"

He had failed to surprise her. She looked directly at him, and the blue of her eyes appeared paler, like the color of clear ice, and as little revealing. "No one," she answered flatly. "I wanted it for a souvenir."

AT THIS suggestion Kentucky could not suppress a chuckle. "If by any chance that were so," he told her frankly, "that would be far and away the coolest thing I ever heard of being done."

He saw her color slowly, and her gaze flickered, but she stood her ground. "You—you don't know what you're saying. But—of course you're right. It was a silly, loco thing to do; maybe the worst thing I could have done."

"And yet," he said gently, "you'd do it again."

She averted her face abruptly. "It seems like," she said, half to him and half to herself, "I ask too much of people, way too much, always."

"You've never asked anything of me."

"I made you carry the bullet away for me."

"That doesn't count."

She turned to face him. "Then I'll ask something of you now."

"*Bueno.*"

"Taking that bullet was a fool, crazy thing to do. You say I'd do it again. That's as may be. But now I want you to forget that it ever was done. That must never be known—never in this world! Do you understand?"

"That's all right," he agreed; "as far as that is in my control."

"As far as—what do you mean?"

"*I think,*" he said, "*that somebody* saw you take it."

Her lips parted but she did not speak; and she waited, watching him.

"The man that saw it isn't sure of what he saw; but he's made a sharp guess. He even suspects that you gave the bullet to me."

Her question tumbled out of her. "How do you know that?"

"He came into the sheriff's office while I was there, and he accused me of having received the bullet. He even said I probably had it with me then—which I did."

"Who?" she demanded. "Who was that?"

"Bob Elliot," he told her.

She turned from him with a queer, dull, swaying movement, like a little tree turned by the wind. "Oh, dear God!" she whispered. Abruptly she turned back to him. "What did you say? What did the sheriff do?"

"What could I say? I just stepped into Elliot and cracked him down."

"You—*what?*"

Winter Range

Continued from page 15

"I took a smash at him. He ducked into my left, and dropped like a thrown-down rope. The sheriff—"

"Stop!" she ordered him. Turning his eyes to her, he was astonished to see that her face had gone white with anger.

"That was the worst thing you could possibly have done! I wish—I wish you'd never set foot on Wolf Bench!"

He said slowly, "I can't blame you for that. But—"

THE intensity of her anger cut him off. "For heaven's sake, shut up! I don't want to talk to you now."

She climbed the fence, swinging over it easily, like a man.

"I've often thought o' missin' once—just to see how alert ya are"

P. Webb

"Wait a minute," said Kentucky. The sudden quickening of his voice arrested her. "I just now got an idea, here."

"I don't think anything you can say can interest me," she told him.

"This will interest you," he said gravely, "if I happen to be right."

He had been watching Lee Bishop ride in at a walk from the look-over he had been giving the road to Waterman. Twenty yards from the place where Kentucky Jones and Jean Ragland stood, Bishop struck a match to the cigarette he had rolled. As he raised the cupped flame to the cigarette, his horse shied with a sharp sidelong whip that put out the match, and they saw Lee Bishop's lips move as he swore.

Kentucky crawled through the fence. "That's happened at least ten times today," he said. "How is it, Lee, that half the ponies shy when they pass that rock?"

"Cussedness, I guess. Maybe that rock looks like a bear to them—I dunno."

"Looks like they'd get used to it, then. Have they always done that right there?"

"Well, no, come to think of it. Say—I wonder if there's a dead coyote under that snow?"

Lee Bishop dropped to the ground, and the two walked back to the rock which conceivably, to horses' eyes, looked something like a bear. Lee Bishop explored the drift with his boot.

"Uh huh," he exclaimed, "that's just what it is!" He thrust gloved hands into the snow.

Then Bishop hesitated, stood up, and stared at Kentucky Jones blankly. The blood that had come into his face as he bent over drained away rapidly and completely, leaving his face gray, and somewhat silly of expression. "No, it isn't," he said in a curious voice.

It was Zack Sanders they found, under the drift. He had been shot twice, and had died where he fell; and they saw that he had fallen in this spot before the first of the snow.

IF IT had been a shock to the people of the Bar Hook when Zack's horse came in, the finding of Zack's body was a bombshell in truth. Examination established definitely in the minds of them all that Zack's death could have occurred at no other time than that ascribed to the death of Mason; for the same factors which had established the time of Mason's death applied here also—the time of snowfall, and the brief hour during which the Bar Hook had been deserted before the fall of the snow.

Campo Ragland made repeated and insistent efforts to get in touch with the sheriff by phone, but Floyd Hopper was not in Waterman, nor could he be located. Under the intense pressure of the implications carried by the unwelcome discovery, the Bar Hook people found that they had little to say to each other. More than the death of a cowboy cook was involved here. No one could any longer suggest that Mason's death was an accident. The man whose death so desperately weakened the position of rimrock cattle had been murdered—almost within the shadow of this house.

Yet, until the sheriff could be located, there seemed to be nothing that they could do that night but wait.

Kentucky turned in late, and with no great hope of sleep. The finding of Zack Sanders' body had given immediacy to a situation with which he was not yet prepared to cope. He had hoped to satisfy himself as to what had actually happened in the Mason case before the irresistible march of events brought disaster to the Bar Hook. Instead, all the rimrock would know tomorrow that the Bar Hook had been the scene, not of an accidental death, but of a murder, the result of which promised to ruin half the brands of Wolf Bench.

Once more he juggled in his mind the ill-assorted facts in his possession, trying to align them through the medium of his new knowledge.

The obvious assumption—that Zack Sanders and Mason had killed each other—he discarded at once as beyond all probability. Undoubtedly this would be the sheriff's first recourse, and he decided to leave it to that official.

Yet, barring this foolishness from his calculations, he was unable to make headway toward rearrangement of what he knew. It would have been easy to suggest that Joe St. Marie, who had lied about his whereabouts at the hour of the crime, might have killed Zack Sanders as the result of some obscure quarrel and then killed Mason because Mason was a witness. This did not, however, explain Jean Ragland's theft of the bullet that killed Mason; nor her alarm over the fact that a picture had been stolen from a frame; nor her anxiety to conceal this loss from her father.

IF ONE thing was certain it was that he knew too little about Joe St. Marie. For a little while he experimented with the extraordinary hypothesis of a love affair between St. Marie and Jean. St. Marie had killed Sanders because of a quarrel, then Mason because Mason was a witness; Jean, feeling sorry for St. Marie, had stolen the bullet to protect him; St. Marie had stolen a rifle from the house to suggest that the missing weapon was the weapon used; and while he was at it, he had stolen a picture of Jean Ragland. Here the hypothesis blew up; the picture stolen had not been a picture of Jean, but of "some guy on a horse."

Suddenly he recognized the startling folly of a solution which contended that the sensitive and somehow innately patrician daughter of Campo Ragland was infatuated with a quarter-blood rider of broncs. He swore at himself. What he knew was that Jean was inextricably involved in a murder which was a disaster to all of Wolf Bench; and that as a result of this murder the 88 herds were pouring across the Bar Hook range. For the present he had to admit that he was sure of nothing more. He closed his mind to the puzzle, and tried to drowse.

But presently he found himself roused sharply to a new wakefulness. For some moments he lay listening intently, unable to decide what was wrong. Then there came to his ears the slip of cold wood on wood. The sound was distinct, yet somehow stealthy; he knew at once that someone's hand had fumbled in an effort to take down the bars of a gate in silence.

Kentucky Jones stepped to the open window. He could not see the corral from which the sound had seemed to come; but now he heard the snow-muffled hoofbeats of a walking horse, unhurried and very quiet except for the dull crunch of the snow.

The night had only a thin sliver of a moon, but a frosty clarity; against the

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clean sparkle of the snow all snowless objects stood out in etched relief. Near the down-country trail a horse and rider now appeared, to disappear at once behind the stone pump house. Kentucky swore under his breath. He had been unable to recognize the rider, but the horse he knew—a tall black with a long white stocking on the off fore. It was the horse Joe St. Marie had ridden that day. Horse and rider came into his line of vision again considerably farther away and, immediately dropping behind the fall of the land, were lost to view.

KENTUCKY JONES returned to his blankets with his nerves on a peculiar edge. He rolled a cigarette, and thought of Joe St. Marie.

The crack bronc rider was a man of peculiarly mixed type. Almost no trace of accent or guttural came into his speech. And if the build of his head suggested the Indian by a certain breadth at the eyes, it gave him an effect of strength, as if the cross-breeding behind him had done him no great harm. St. Marie was unusual in that he made no effort to conceal the dark strain in his blood. The big steel conchos in his five-inch felt and the silver work of his spurs and bit were barbarian touches hardly ever seen in the Wolf Bench rimrock any more. Joe St. Marie must have cut a broad swath among the mestizo girls in Mexico quarters.

These things were apparent at once; and so little further insight into this man was afforded by better acquaintance that many must have supposed that this was all there was to know about Joe St. Marie. Kentucky Jones was not so sure. St. Marie was too compactly self-sufficient, he thought, to be so easily known.

He was able to fix upon one immediate probability. If Joe St. Marie had gone out, he would presently return. Had he meant to jump the range he could have used any number of subterfuges for giving himself a long start before his absence was noted. St. Marie would be back that night; and, since he had not bothered to pick a fresh horse, he probably did not mean to be long gone. Kentucky dressed, and propped himself up in the corner of his bunk to watch the pump-house trail.

An hour passed; more than an hour. Looking at his watch, he was astonished to learn that it was only quarter past eleven o'clock. Sometimes he had dozed, but he was certain that he would have heard St. Marie's horse if it had come in. He smoked again, and waited ten minutes more.

Upon the snow a spot appeared. It pulled up, shifted and separated, and he saw that it was not one horse but two. For a moment or two both riders sat motionless, plainly in view against the snow; and the watcher made out that the second horse appeared to be a pinto, for he could not see the animal's forelegs, and thus knew that they must be white. Suddenly he knew that he was looking at the pinto horse of Bob Elliot.

Kentucky Jones spat through his teeth, and anger rose into his head like a rising wind. Now that he had identified the horse it was as if Bob Elliot stood before him, so that he sensed again the driving, thrusting energy that swung ruination across the Bar Hook range in the form of long herds of trampling white faces.

And here for the first time was something definite and conclusive, upon which a man could lay his hands. The Bar Hook rider, whom he was now certain was Joe St. Marie, had ridden out to confer with the boss of the 88. He promised himself that within five minutes he would know exactly what that exclusive saddle conference meant.

The pinto horse now turned, going back the way it had come; and the other rider, coming on, was lost to view again in the dip of the ground.

Kentucky Jones took up the long-barreled pistol which had so seldom emerged from the bottom of his war bag, and checked its action to see that it was free of frost. Promptly he stepped through the window and ran to the corner of the house. Against the far corral stood a stable shed of peeled logs. To this he made his way, keeping it between himself and the trail. Within the long shed, across one end, was fixed a horizontal log, used as a saddle rack; he knew that the rider would return his saddle here. Beside it, in black shadow, he took his post.

IT SEEMED to him that the night was silent for a long time before finally he heard again, close at hand, the small crunching complaint of the snow under the hoofs of a walking horse. He distinguished the creak of saddle leather as the rider swung down; and once more he heard the stealthy slip of cold wood on wood as the rider let down the gate.

Flattening himself against the wall, he could see neither horse nor rider as the pony was led close to the stable shelter. The animal was still out of his angle of vision as he heard the rider drag the saddle off, not three yards from where he stood.

Then close beside him the rider appeared, and for a moment was a silhouette against the snow—a figure made shapeless by the shouldered saddle.

Within the stable he could see nothing at all, though the other eased the saddle upon the rack so close at hand that a swinging stirrup struck his knee. So little space separated them that he could hear the rider breathe, could have touched him by raising his hand.

Kentucky Jones said softly, "Put up your hands."

He heard the breath jerk in the other's throat; and for a moment they stood in utter silence, as if neither of them any longer breathed at all. He could not tell whether or not he had been obeyed.

The other said, "Who—who is it?"

The wind went out of Kentucky Jones. The voice was hardly more than a whisper, twisted almost past recognition by shock and strain—but he would have known it anywhere in the world as the voice of Jean Ragland.

For a moment both of them stood motionless in the dark. Then Kentucky Jones said, "What in the name of—" He stepped out from the wall so that he could see her silhouetted figure against the snow outside. Without the saddle there was nothing about her outline to suggest the man he had expected. He had a queer shocked feeling that somehow a substitution had been made by unnatural means, so definitely had he expected Joe St. Marie. Then he saw her sway; and he stepped forward in time to catch her in his arms.

Even then she would have slipped to the ground if he had not held her up. The starch had gone out of her and she stood limp, not inert but trembling violently.

"Don't—don't ever do anything like that again," she gasped at last.

"Good Lord! Do you think I had any idea it was you?"

She freed herself and stood unsteadily on braced legs. "What on earth were you trying to do?"

"I thought—I thought you were Joe St. Marie."

"St. Marie?"

"I saw someone slide out of here on the horse St. Marie rode today. I saw that horse come back, and I saw its rider talk to Bob Elliot, on his big paint."

THE shock of surprise she had sustained in the dark was turning into anger. "And what did you think you were going to do about it?" she demanded.

"That hardly matters now, does it?"

"I asked you a question," she said hotly.

"I'll answer it then. If anybody but you had gone wolf-prowling out of here in the night to powwow with your father's worst enemy, and I caught him at it—I'd have had the reason for that out of him, if I had to choke it out of him with these two hands."

Jean's anger wilted. "You're bad luck for me," she whispered. "Everything that you have anything to do with goes wrong for me."

"Maybe," he said, "that's because I don't know what you're trying to do."

"Why should I tell you what I'm trying to do?"

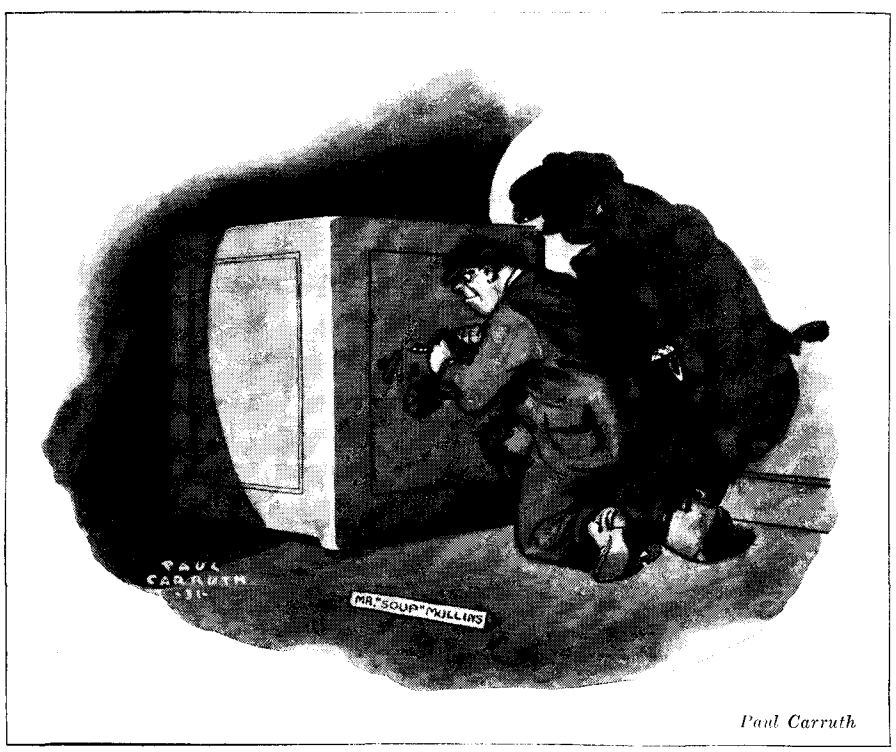
"No reason; except that it seems to work out badly when you don't."

She turned to him sharply. She was standing very close to him in the dark, but her words were so faint that he could hardly make them out. "I can tell you this," she said. "I know what I'm doing here. I know more about what's happening here than you can possibly know. Can't you trust that? Haven't you any faith in me at all?"

"You still won't tell me what you're trying to do?"

"I can't! I can't possibly do that."

(To be continued next week)



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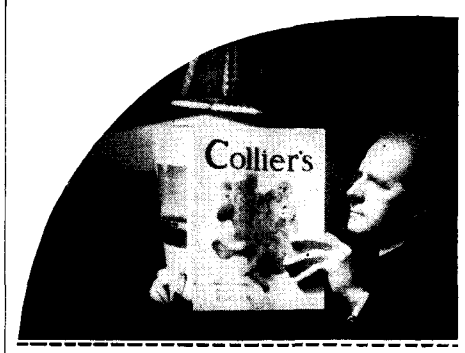

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tourist-third on her ship were either educators or college boys or honeymooners or people equally tiresome.

Did Elsie want to get married? Of course she did. There's so much nonsense about all this sort of thing, in the magazines. Anybody would think every nice young girl has a dozen suitors, and that she makes a choice. When a boy gets out of school, somebody offers him a job. Does he hesitate? He does not. He grabs it, and the results are frequently astounding. Well, here's a nice young girl. A young man comes along who's not positively crippled, and whose I. Q., though temporarily deranged, is not subnormal. "You are the ideal of my dreams," he says; "you are the cream in my coffee; thou art fair, my beloved, with the beauty of the morning; I love you more than yesterday, less than tomorrow." What difference does it make what he says, so long as he conveys the general idea; his fair listener understands him. Does she marry him? Does she! How else do you suppose the building-and-loan shares come to mature in eleven years?

Romance? Yes, it's romance. For romance is high courage, and blind faith, and unswerving loyalty, and the steadfast virtues which illumine the lives of commonplace people and make of them a pageant and a panorama.

THERE was this Simonides, who'd had fifty girls, cheap girls, common girls, yes, but girls just the same. He whispered his tawdry odyssey in Elsie's ear; he was poor, he was an adventurer, he was alone, he'd never loved a decent girl before. Or so, at least, he said, and Elsie listened with the eagerness of her years. She wasn't hard to persuade; perhaps any man who seemed to her to be honorable and unencumbered could have won her affections. But, once having given her heart into someone's keeping, it was his forever—his and no one else's. That was the sort of girl she was. You know—stupid.

She counted up her little bit of money, together they visited the American consulate, and instead of sailing August 29th they sailed on August 14th, she and her lawfully wedded husband.

He wasn't at all in love with Elsie, as that emotion is described in the books. A pleasant girl, a nice, good-natured girl, yes; he'd cheerfully have agreed to all that. He was happy, too; he was on his way to the Land of Promise. There was no reason why he should make himself disagreeable, and he didn't.

As for Elsie, she regarded him as a sort of pint-size Prince Charming; she adored his imperiousness, and the efficiency with which he looked after their baggage, their time-tables, their deck-chairs, their tickets, and their places in the dining-room. All that was pie for so experienced a traveler as Simonides; he knew what his rights were, and what good service was, and didn't he make a fuss about getting them! And Elsie, like Sweet Alice, trembled with delighted fear at his frown and, to tell the truth, he frowned at her but seldom, though he stared haughtily at the stewards and at most of his fellow-tourists, whom he considered hopelessly déclassé.

And, having nothing else to do, he made love to Elsie, and Elsie said many a prayer, thanking God that she'd been given such a good husband, so brave, so graceful and so tender.

The ship docked at last, and Simonides went through the customs as if he were Ted Coy going through the Harvard line. That was where he got in strong with Elsie's mother. That's another popular misconception, this theory that all of a wife's relatives must necessarily be a trial and an affliction. Elsie's mother welcomed the bridal couple with a squeal of joy at the pier,

Finish it Yourself

Continued from page 20

and when she saw her son-in-law making himself generally objectionable until he retrieved all the baggage, and the regal way with which he treated all menials, her heart swelled with pride. She was a stout woman, too, weighing about thirty pounds more than any of her daughters, which worried all of them.

SHE whispered to Elsie that you could see there was something *to* that fellow, and squeezed her arm, and Elsie blushed and laughed and the old lady laughed, and said her own little prayer of thankfulness that one of her daughters was married anyway.

She'd fixed up the second-floor-back for them, and she'd cooked a big dinner, of which Simonides ate immoderately, which pleased her a great deal.

"Say, buddy, could ya let me have a dime fer a dance?"

Chon Day

His manner to his mother-in-law was Chesterfieldian. He liked her; he thought she was a good peasant. Had she known that, probably she'd have kicked him downstairs. To his sisters-in-law he was polite but reserved, and he assured his wife, privately, that he didn't consider them at all pretty.

Elsie was getting ready to go back to her school, and her husband was just as eager to get out and pick up some of the easy money for which the United States is so famous, abroad. To be fair to him, he had no idea of living on his wife's salary. He'd needed her, to get to the United States; well, here he was. He was in her debt, too, and he had no intention of taking any more money from her.

Somewhat to his surprise, he found that money didn't grow on bushes, even here. Jobs weren't so easy to get; they've been that way for a little while, perhaps you've noticed. He was getting more than a little disgusted. He wasn't a lazy man at all, only a restless, discontented one.

After a week or two, he did get a job, selling vacuum cleaners. It wasn't at all what he'd expected, and he hated it. Still, he did sell a few, and he'd bring a little money home, and have a dollar or two in his pocket, so that he didn't have to ask Elsie for spending money.

She wasn't complaining. As long as he'd come home and sit around the house at night, she didn't seem to care. As for Simonides, he was just as glad to sit at home, or to go to a movie with her. Try lugging a handful of vacuum cleaners around yourself, some good hot day, or some good cold day. He was doing it, too, and not sitting in a park. He still had an idea that American money was pretty nice, if you could only get it.

Then, after a few months, he struck up an acquaintance with a cigar-store keeper in the neighborhood. This fellow was a Greek, too; John Arkulos, his name was. Arkulos had a side line: he was a bookmaker. Simonides would chat with him, and it wasn't long before he knew something about Turf and The Racing Form and Uncle Billy's Hot Tips and Latonia One-Best-Bet-Special. Maybe he bet a dollar or two. There are a good many people trying that; more, perhaps, than you know.

IN THE course of six months, Simonides had abandoned the vacuum-cleaner business. The details of his new occupation weren't quite clear to Elsie, but then, one of her specialties was forgetting to ask questions. She never expressed any doubt as to who was the head of her house. Her husband was.

He seemed prosperous; he was keeping himself in plenty of cheap, bright suits of clothes; he was bringing in sums of money, not every Saturday, but at least now and then. He wasn't close about money; if he had any, he'd certainly bring some home.

She understood that he was selling stock. So he was. A couple of gentlemen he'd met through John Arkulos and the poolroom had given him his opportunity.

Six months became a year. He wasn't getting rich, by any means, and he'd found out a lot of things about the United States, and it wasn't all pleasing information.

One day, after Elsie came home from school, the phone rang. It was her husband.

"Elsie. This you, Elsie?"

"Yes. Hello, Paul."

"Elsie, this is Paul. Elsie, I—I am saying good-by. I will never see you again. You understand?"

"Wh—what?" said Elsie.

"I tell you. I'm fed up. Fed up. I'm going away. I want to tell you, you're very nice, you're very good. I never knew a woman like you. You get a divorce from me, marry someone like yourself."

"Paul—Paul—"

"I'm sorry, Elsie. I'm very sorry. I tell you good-by." The receiver clicked.

Elsie sat there, not crying, not saying anything. She was dead white, and her hands were twitching.

The basement doorbell jangled. Her mother called her, "Elsie! A gentleman to see you."

Down she rushed. It was John Arkulos, the bookmaker.

"Mrs. Simonides, you hear about Paul?"

She stared at him.

"They got him in the cooler, Mrs. Simonides."

"They—they what?"

"They got him in the jail. Selling stock."

"Why—why, of course, he sells stock; why should they—"

"Yeah, but, Mrs. Simonides, you know. This—this is kind of phony stock."

"What jail's he in? Where is he?" said Elsie, looking around for her hat.

"Sixteenth Street station, lady. I just heard—I just come around—I—"

"Much obliged," said Elsie, going out the door.

AT THE station-house, they wouldn't let her see him. That didn't stop her. At five-thirty, she called on Mr. Big Tom Callahan, who ran the district.

"Mr. Callahan," she said, "I'm Elsie Simonides, Elsie Metcalfe that was. I used to teach Johnny, in the second grade."

"Oh. Yes. Yes. Sit down."

"Mr. Callahan, they've got my husband in jail."

Callahan nodded thoughtfully. He'd heard plenty of similar statements.

"My husband's a foreigner. He's—he's a Frenchman. He's the most decent, respectable, kindly man in the world. I don't know what it is they say he's done. Whatever it is, he didn't do it. He didn't! They're taking advantage of him, because he's a foreigner."

"What is it now? Bootlegging, maybe?"

"No. Something about selling stock."

"Ah."

"He *didn't do it*; he *couldn't do it*. My husband's—my husband's— When he got into trouble, he called me up, said he was leaving me. He gave a wrong name at the station-house. Thinking of my good name—my good name; what do I care about anything, if I haven't got *him*— I never would have known where he was, except by—by accident."

"Well, now. Well, now," said Mr. Callahan.

"If they do anything to Paul, I'll—I'll— That man's the finest man, the most honorable— Mr. Callahan, when we were first married, he was selling vacuum cleaners. He'd go out of the house; sometimes he wouldn't have a

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quarter in his pockets. He'd never tell you, you'd have to ask him."

"Don't get excited, now. It's no good to get excited."

"They may have tricked him—he's—in many ways he's just like a child, very proud, and very simple. He's only a poor foreigner, he's ignorant— Mr. Callahan— If it's money, I'll get it. I paid for—for most of my mother's house. She'll mortgage the house; she wouldn't see me disgraced. She's crazy about Paul, too. I'll—I'll resign, I'll get my pension money, there's quite a bit of it."

Callahan heaved his huge bulk up. "Come on," he said. "Where is this fellow? Wait till I get my hat. Don't be getting yourself all excited. I'll see what's to be done. Mary! Mary, I'm going out. Mary, this is Mrs. Simonides, that used to be Johnny's teacher. Her husband's—her husband's just lost his position. Yes, are you ready, ma'am? Come on, then."

At the station-house, the man at the desk greeted Mr. Callahan, and Mr. Callahan said, "Hello, Jawn." They had a whispered conference, very grave, very mysterious, full of nods and weighty monosyllables. Then Callahan turned to Elsie.

"Well, ma'am," he said, "you can't be seeing him right now. I'll see him a little later on, tonight, and give you a ring. Give me your number. There, that's right."

"I WANT to see him. Can't I see him?"

"No, ma'am. You can't do that, d'ye see? I'll be seeing him."

"Will you take a message to him?"

"Sure."

"Give him my love. And—and tell him I know he didn't do it. And that—and that I'm so relieved to know that—that he's only in this kind of trouble, whatever it is. I thought—I thought maybe he had another girl, or something."

"What do you think he is, a fool entirely?" said Callahan, and grinned at her. "I'll tell him. Now, you go on home, like a good girl. They can't hang you for a violation of the blue-sky laws. I'll be calling you."

"Mr. Callahan—I could bring you some money—"

"Garn! Get out of here! A poor school-teacher— It may cost you some money, at that; I don't know. Go on home, get your supper. I'll call you."

Later on, Callahan had an interview with Simonides, who was pale and sad, but self-contained.

Callahan took one look at him, and he said to himself that he doubted if this were any poor, innocent, ignorant foreigner.

"Your wife sent me here," he said.

Simonides' face brightened; then he was cast down again.

"I wish to keep my wife out of this," he said.

"It's late to be thinking of that," said Callahan.

"Yes. That is so."

"You're a Frenchman, are you?"

"I am a Greek."

"HAGH," said Callahan. "You speak good English. I wouldn't know what you were. How about this case, now?"

"I'm guilty."

"Um," said Callahan. "You been arrested before?"

"No. Not here. In Paris, yes. Only for assault and battery."

"Assault and battery? You?" said Callahan, eying Simonides' hundred and twenty pounds.

"I had a fight with three Arabians."

"Well, by Judas," said Callahan. "Now, then. Who's in this with you?"

"I do not care to say."

Callahan looked at him. "Well, I'll tell you now, Simonides. I'm beginning to think maybe there's points about you. Now, you look at here. I don't know whether this case can be beat or not. You may have to go to jail."

"Yes. I know that. I do not want my wife to be disgraced because of me. You will help me about that? My wife is a fine woman."

"Who's in this with you? I'm no cop."

"I prefer not to say about that. If you find out, all right."

Callahan winked at him. "O. K. Now, then. Whether you go to jail or not, let me tell you something. Crime is a business in this country. There's no place in it for amateurs. It's like politics or anything else. You couldn't learn it at your age. You'd always be a ham at it. You'd always be the fall guy."

Simonides was silent.

"Now, you listen to me. I don't think there's anything the matter with you. You're fond of your wife, and you've got a good wife. You won't turn in your friends. Now, jail or no jail, why don't you go to work? You're not a stupid fellow."

"I don't know. I will tell you the truth. My life is—my life is a confusion. You see, I've always traveled."

"Traveling salesman?"

"No. I mean I've always thought, well, the new town is better. Now I know all towns are alike."

"How long you been married?"

"Over a year."

"Well. Ain't it time you got wise to yourself? It's all right enough for a bachelor to be running around. There's nothing in it, even so. You've got to settle down in your district. How do you suppose anybody gets along?"

"I don't know. I tell you, I do not know. I've always thought, sometime, I'd be somebody, you see. It seems I was mistaken. I think, perhaps, my ability is a small ability. In everything."

"Hey, now. Look at here. I'm the leader of this district. Well, I'm not the boss of the Hall, am I? I'm not the chairman of the national committee. But I do my work and I'm doing some of it now. It's not all grafting that we do. I don't know what you can do. I don't think you know either. But look at your wife. Your wife says get him out. 'I'll mortgage the house,' she says. 'I'll take my pension money; get him out. I'll give you anything I got.' Well. There it is, you see."

Callahan got up. "You'd ought to be ashamed of yourself," he said. "It might do you good to go to jail— I'll be seeing you."

Ten days later Paul Simonides was released under a suspended sentence. Two of his associates were given a year to two years in the penitentiary.

He went around to see Callahan afterward, and Callahan said to him, "Well, what are you going to do now? Leave town?"

"No. I think I have left too many towns," he said.

WELL, he hasn't left town yet. At the present time he's selling various sorts of second-hand office equipment—addressing machines, adding machines, check-protecting devices and the like. He works pretty hard, and he doesn't make much money. Maybe that's the depression.

He's got two ideas in his head. One of them is that he wants to go back to France and persuade them that their business mechanism is ridiculously antiquated. He thinks he could make a fortune selling them American business machinery. Probably he couldn't. Did you ever see a French bookkeeper making out a bill? Could you imagine one punching a comptometer?

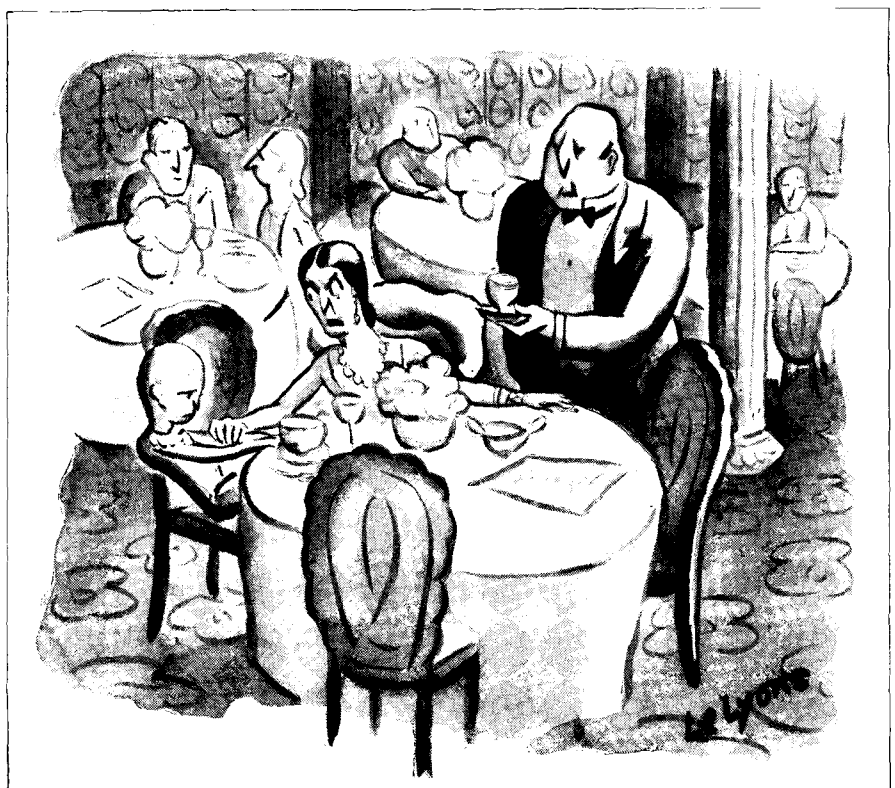
Then he's looking forward to the day when he can let his wife retire. He'd like to have a family, but Elsie is almost thirty-seven now.

As for Elsie, she's back again at her old worry—the calories. She's still under a hundred and fifty, and she still hops anxiously on the bathroom scales and shakes her head, and diets for a while, until she forgets about it. She thinks there's nobody like her husband. If he ever revolutionizes the business methods of France, there's one person who'll be pleased but placid about it. That'll be Elsie Simonides.

She thinks her life's been one beautiful romance. She thinks her husband's the original wild man from Borneo, a terror with the girls and the scourge of the police. You think that little brush with the authorities made any difference to her? Why, certainly it did. It's convinced her that her Paul is more dangerous than a bolt of lightning.

It made a difference to him, too. He'll talk your ear off about his wife. "My wife this, my wife that," he'll say. It's formidable.

Well. That's where the story is now.



"Eat it, my love, or I'll ram it down your throat!" *Lc Lyons*

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The Winning of Nora

Continued from page 13

"To the punchbowl!" she said. "Everybody, a welcoming drink to Sir Popcorn!" And during the yell that went up she leaned nearer and whispered to me: "You're just a life-saver! Somehow things just hadn't gotten started. And *we* know who you are, even if the rest don't. And we won't tell them until later, will we?"

I nodded my head. It was okay with me if she wanted to take it that way. As long as she knew who I was and was ready to settle for all the things that her bum guests had swiped, I had no kick coming.

We come to where two or three punchbowls stood on a table among a lot of small trees. Everybody dipped in.

"To Sir Popcorn!" said Mrs. Spicer.

"Sir Popcorn!" yelled everybody.

We all drank. I polished mine off in one good swig, being dry. It tasted kind of flat, but at that it wasn't half bad, and I said so.

"That ain't half bad," I said.

"Haw, haw, haw," laughed everybody.

This laughing at everything I said got me sore.

"Listen," I said, glaring at 'em. "Where I come from they got manners even if they ain't high-society butterflies."

MRS. SPICER grabbed me by the arm and shook her ribbon-covered crook in my face.

"You rogue," she said, "how you do keep in character! But hark! There's the music. Do let's dance."

The dance band had begun to whang away.

"Don't care if I do," I said.

Say, society queen or not, Mrs. Spicer couldn't dance for sour apples.

"I guess I'm not quite in step," she said after we had missed fire for about six times.

"I guess you're not," I said. "But you'll get it."

All I was doing was my regular drag—a slow-foot with a fast one thrown in now and then, and then three or four whirl-arounds, my arm going the old ferry-boat walking-beam lift and fall. Anybody that's ever done any real dancing knows it.

Well, while Mrs. Spicer and I was trying to get straightened out, somebody bumped into us. Me, I'm used to that, too. I give a crab walk, fast, and I put my elbow into their ribs three times, hard, before they could even begin to get out of range.

"That for you!" I said.

And they just laughed. Say, in any decent dance hall there'd have been a swell fight. But whadda you know? It wasn't two times around the floor but what everybody was dancing the same way we was and ramming each other in the ribs and whooping back and forth something awful. I never seen people like 'em before. That dance sure was a riot; they knocked down all the platform railings, an' some of 'em fell right out onto the grass, and they must have had five encores before they got tired. And they named it the Popcorn Glide.

As we finally come off the floor a young fellow all dressed up like one of these movie desert sheiks, who had been looking and looking at me on the floor—and getting extra run into for it—said, "Jolly sport!" Then he wedged up to me and said, "But what I really wanted to say was, can't you have lunch with me tomorrow at my ocean villa?"

He hadn't any more'n got the words out but what three others who'd also wedged in begun to talk to me and to glare at him, and from what I gathered, they all wanted me to eat with them at the same time.

Mrs. Spicer meanwhile was standing smiling and waving her crook up and down to people crowding around her who was saying, "Wonderful, wonderful, how *do* you ever think such things up?" But when the young sheik and the others got to arguing as to who asked me first, Mrs. Spicer suddenly give them all a look that was hot. Red hot, what I mean. Her head went away back, and her eyes got sort of green-colored.

"I am certain," she said, speaking high and slow to them, "that Sir Popcorn doesn't care to be pulled and hauled about, especially when he has already promised to have luncheon with me."

She looked at me and smiled, and if she had been anybody else I'd have swore that she winked.

Which was all news to me about lunch, but I didn't let on. I seen that Mrs. Spicer was a good sport, and that she wasn't going to let this gang try to make up for swiping my popcorn by just asking me to lunch.

"Sure I'm having lunch with you tomorrow," I said. And then I almost laughed right out loud. All of a sudden I had remembered Nora Maloney—her that I'd forgot all about—what with so much going on for the last quarter hour. Yeah, the same Nora that had shoved me out of the house, being afraid that I'd meet Mrs. Spicer—and here Mrs. Spicer was inviting me to lunch for the very next day. Well, Nora would be in for a lesson, all right.

"Sure I'm having lunch with you tomorrow," I said to Mrs. Spicer.

"THERE!" said Mrs. Spicer, and give another of those froze looks to those that had been wrangling over me. "Do let's have another glass of punch," she said to me.

That punch wasn't so flat as I had thought.

"It sort of goes downstairs and shakes hands with everybody that it meets," I said after three of them. "Let's have another."

The crowd most laughed its head off.

"We're having more punch brought right away," said Mrs. Spicer. "Look, here it comes now."

I LOOKED. Yeah . . . I looked right into the eyes of Nora Maloney. Nora, carrying a brimming punchbowl.

At first I thought she was going to drop that punchbowl flat. If it hadn't been for two or three of the party who was standing around waiting for first drinks, reaching out quick and grabbing it, it would have gone smash on the lawn. She kept on looking at me, kind of swaying, her eyes getting bigger and bigger. Then her lips moved, but no sound come. But I knew what she was saying. "You!" her lips said. "*You* here!"

"I've been living here six months and not one letter—I'm getting damned tired of it!" *W. K. Starrett*

Well, sir, I just give a nod and a bob of my head, like I was nodding and bobbing to any or all the guests, and I twirled my punch glass and I said, "Social graces!" That's what I said, offhand and easy. The same words that Nora Maloney had herself used, looking out of the dining-room window and meaning what I didn't have.

You never seen anybody blink the way Nora did. Then she looked at me, through and through, and you could just see thunder coming something awful. But she held it in—yes, sir, she did—and she turned and walked away like somebody walking in their sleep, but the look that she gave me before she turned wasn't like that of anybody in their sleep. As plain as day it said, "I don't know how you done it—and I ain't going to be giving you away—but, oh, I'll be seeing you!"

I turned around for a drink—I kind of felt that I was needing it—and then I forgot all about the drink. A tall thin man in a cook's white cap and white jacket was parading up to us, carrying a tray in front of him held up by a strap around his neck. The tray was full of taffy.

I looked him over quick. He was one of these party guys dressed up to look like a taffy man.

"Huh!" I said.

He come right back.

"Huh yourself!" he said.

Mrs. Spicer put down her glass.

"Oh, Sir Geoffrey!" she said, looking at the taffy fake. "I'm so sorry to have been neglecting you all this time! But . . . but this adorable boy dressed up as a popcorn man arrived, and he's been so boisterous that really I haven't had a minute to . . . Sir Geoffrey Leffingwelle, Sir Popcorn." She bobbed her head at the taffy fake and simpered. "We've dubbed him Sir Popcorn in sport and . . ."

"Ripping!" said Sir Geoffrey. And to me he said, "Charmed!"

So this was Nora's wonderful Sir Geoffrey.

"Huh!" I said.

"Wonderful character, what?" said Sir Geoffrey, smiling at Mrs. Spicer. "I thought I was doing something spiffy when I came as the seaside taffy man, but now I'm just somebody underfoot."

"Oh, no, you're not!" said Mrs. Spicer. "But Sir Popcorn has a real wagon and everything."

"Nothing phony," I said, keeping right on looking at the taffy fake.

"Phony?" he said.

"He means false," said Mrs. Spicer.

"Oh, false, yes," said the fake. "Haw! Very good. Very good indeed. But I assure you," he said to me, "that my own candy is genuine."

He pronounced candy "cawndy."

"You're a bum," I said.

"Now, now," said Mrs. Spicer, smiling and shaking her crook. "You two rival merchants mustn't get into a brawl!"

"Call each other names, what?" said the fake. "Pretend to have fisticuffs? I say, ripping!"

"Ah, go drop your hatchet on your foot," I told him.

"Fresh cawndy!" he yelled louder. "Nothing old or moldy like some folks have."

I STOPPED and looked him in the eye. "Just what do you mean by that?" I said.

He pretended not to pay any attention.

"Nice, fresh taffy," he said, putting taffy into little bags and handing 'em out to people. "How much nicer it is to eat nice fresh cawndy than popcorn that hasn't been popped enough."

I begun to roll up my sleeves.

"Just repeat them words!" I said.

The taffy fake grinned at me.

"Old and moldy. Not popped enough. And popped in lard!"

That was more'n enough. I run at him. He ducked. I run at him again. He ducked again. I run at him the third time, and I got him zam on the nose. Down he went. Say, I'll bet you could have heard the crowd holler for a mile.

And right there while all this excitement was going on, I found my chance to slip away, like I'd been meaning to, but what with so many things crowding me I hadn't had the time. I went toward the house, and there in the shadow of some big lilac bushes stood Nora Maloney.

"Well," I started to say, "for a man that was hustled out of a kitchen . . ."

"Oww!" cried Nora, lifting her hands high. "You hulking lummox! How you ever got into this yard . . ."

"I drove right in," I said. I didn't tell her how.

"And you'll drive right out," she said.

"That's as may be," I said.

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"They think you're in costume," said Nora. "When they find out who you are . . ."

"There's no need to go into that," I said. "I've told 'em plenty who I was, and they just laughed. And costume my foot. It's only my regular clothes—yes, my working clothes—and all I've got for wearing 'em is invitations to teas and lunches galore. Listen, my fine girl," I said. "Not an hour ago I was trying to interest you in myself and a hot-dog proposition, and you wouldn't listen to me. 'All right,' I said when I left. 'All right.' And look at me now. Teas and dinners. . . ."

Voices began to call. Voices calling Sir Popcorn.

"There, they're wanting me," I said. "I can't tarry here. I'll be back after a while and—"

"If you go back out there . . ." said Nora.

"They're needing me," I said. "Probably the party's fell down and they're wanting me to lift it up." And right here an inspiration come to me. "Of course," I said, turning close to Nora, "I'll be willing to chuck it all if you ll only say the word, now that your eyes are opened. But you got to be saying it in no half-hearted manner. I'll be back."

THEN I yelled "Coming!" and run busting into the lights and the crowd.

"Oh, Sir Popcorn," said Mrs. Spicer, bustling up, "we have been looking everywhere for you, because without you how could we . . ." And here she turned and raised her hand in a kind of a signal.

A trumpet sounded, and then through the crowd come three of the party—a general, a admiral, and I guess a judge. The judge was carrying what looked like a king's gold crown on a blue pillow.

The three of 'em looked at Mrs. Spicer, and she looked at them, and she nodded, and they nodded, and then Mrs. Spicer raised her crook, and the trumpet again sounded, and then Mrs. Spicer spoke out loud and clear:

"The committee is unanimous. Our King of the Revel."

Mrs. Spicer bowed at me. The judge marched up to me, and bowed, and held out the crown on its blue pillow.

Say, for a minute I just stared at that crown. And then I swept off my old derby hat and tossed it away over the crowd—throwing it in the general direction of where Nora Maloney might be standing—and I reached for that crown and I put it on. Yes, sir, that's what I done. And then I put my hands on my hips and I grinned. Me, I ain't never had a crown on before.

The crowd just howled.

"King!" they yelled.

The dance band struck up, and Mrs. Spicer grabbed me by an arm, and us and everybody else run for the dance floor. Around and around that floor we all marched, Mrs. Spicer and I in the lead, and then we begun to dance, and the number of partners I had was enough to make you dizzy. And all during it these here women could talk of nothing but inviting me to teas and dances and golf and polo and a dozen things that I'd never even heard of. All the time a thing was going faster and faster in my head, and when the dance band finally wore itself out and we left the floor, I slipped over to the punch-bowl and filled a glass.

"It's for a friend," I said, and nodded off into the darkness, and away into the darkness I went, with everybody grinning after me and calling me a big fast-working rascal.

I come to where Nora was, and she was there all right, and you never seen anybody having a harder time getting their breath.

"Look me over," I said. "Just the King. That's all."

She finally got words out.

"I don't believe it yet!" she said. "There's a catch to it. I know there's a catch to it. But . . ."

"There's a catch somewheres to everything," I said. "But I ain't the sort that puts in my time trying to find it. I usually keep too busy otherwise." And then I told her of all the dinners and parties and polos that I'd been asked to. Right in the middle of the telling I stopped.

"But I'll throw away all this carefree life if you'll say 'Yes' right now, Nora."

"Lots I care about you and your carefree life!" said Nora.

Away I went again, and them women most tore me apart, getting to dance with me, the King of the Revel. Back I come to Nora once more, standing in the shadow of the lilacs.

"Well?" I said.

"Ow," said Nora, casting her hands up and down, "let's get out of here before something really happens! It's a fool I am even to be noticing you, but I can see that I ain't the only fool in the world. There's no telling what some of them women may be doing to you before the night's over, and I better take you ahead of them. The old story over again of rich women and their chauffeurs—and I wouldn't put it past Mrs. Spicer herself. Devil take high society!"

"Don't speak that way about high society," I said, "and me a member of it." Joking, you understand, to hide my real feelings; I was that happy.

"You, a phony member!" said Nora.

"Maybe a whole lot of others are as phony too," said I.

"Well, I'll be getting my hat and suitcase," said Nora. "I can send for my trunk later. And will we be having to walk away from here?"

"We will not," I said. "We'll ride in the popcorn bus."

"With all them watching us?" said Nora.

"They won't be watching us," I said. "I'll fix it. They'll be so busy . . ."

And they was, with the rope that I'd come across—having a grand tug-of-war that I started 'em at, high society pulling and hauling each other all over the Spicer yard, the whole gang whooping and howling like they'd never had such a real good time in all their lives before. It give me almost a pang to leave 'em, especially Mrs. Spicer who had been so swell to me. I'd liked to have told her good-by, but I didn't dare, fearing that Nora might change her mind.

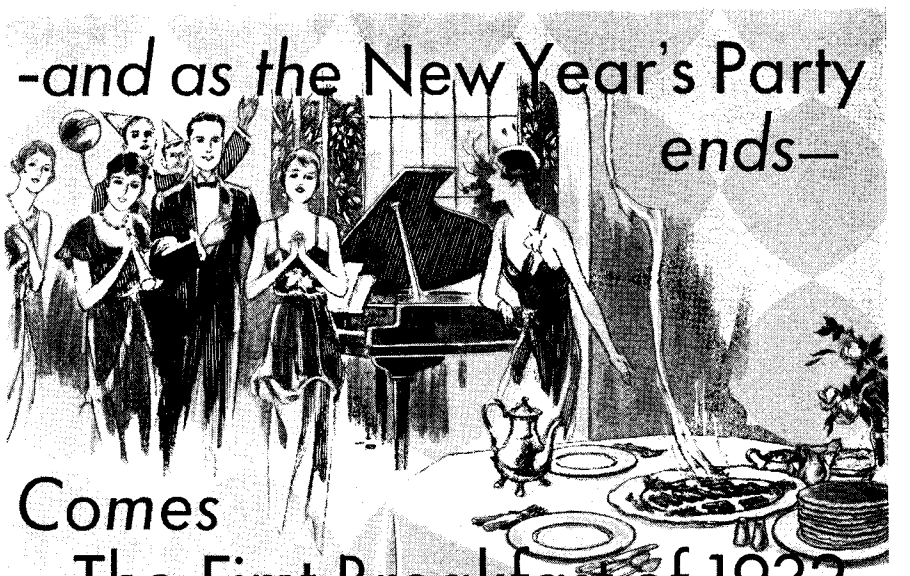
I got the popcorn bus turned around, and we hopped into it, and away Nora and I rode out of the yard.

WE HADN'T any more than got into the driveway than I felt Nora tug at the King crown that I was still wearing, and yank it off, and then put something on my head in its place, which I recognized by the feel right away. It was my old working derby, which she must have picked up when I throwed it away.

At the same time she made a motion as if getting ready to toss the crown into the street. I caught her arm just in time and took the crown away.

"You'll not be wearing that again!" she said, and her voice was meaningful.

"Listen, Nora," I said, "of course I won't. I wouldn't trade your little finger for the whole kettle and boiling of 'em. But let me tell you this—I'll not be throwing that crown away. There may come times in the hot-dog business—which I hope there won't, but there may—when things won't be going just so right, like water tipping over or the dogs not getting done, and it's then that I'd like to look at that crown and remember that I was once a King."



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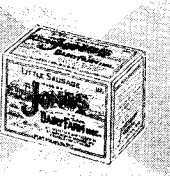

In the now historic Jones Farm House "Aunt Sally" Jones prepared the First New Year's Breakfast of Jones Dairy Farm Sausage in 1835. Today, the sausage made from the old Vermont recipe of her girlhood days has become a *Nation's Breakfast, Luncheon and Supper Delicacy.* Sold by Jones Dealers from coast to coast.

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THOMAS H. BECK
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The Best is yet to Come

LET'S celebrate. It is a good old custom and we more than ever need it this year.

The New Year wasn't made a festival just for times of plenty. On the contrary. Long ago our fathers learned that every season of discouragement has its end. So they chose the darkest days of winter to mark the beginning of a new year. We are the heirs of their kindly wisdom.

Of course the last months have been full of tough sledding. 1930 wasn't much better. All that is past, and now good times are actually close at hand. However, even if our hopes are not immediately fulfilled, we shall be heartened for the struggles ahead.

In various ways we human beings become what we think we are. At this season we are a little better than usual. We are inspired by new resolutions. Our impulses are more courageous and our thoughts are turned to others. We have given of ourselves and of our possessions and we are happier. Let's project this era of good feeling through 1932.

If we look around we see that we have lost little during this worst of modern depressions that we cannot retrieve once we are enabled again fully to employ our energies and our initiative. What we have dropped we can regain by work and thrift.

Almost miraculously we seem to have survived the long period of slack employment with no serious impairment of health. Just how it has been managed only those know whose personal sacrifices have been the severest but the records appear to show that health generally has not suffered during the time of privation. This conservation of life and health as shown in the public reports is an amazing achievement.

Our civilization hasn't come to the end forecast by the prophets of gloom. It has not even been seriously threatened. In truth, if you contrast our situation with that of any other people who live by other ideas we are very well off.

Surely Russia, which is Socialistic to the extreme, has not enjoyed such comforts of the body or such freedom of the spirit as to present a desirable alternative to our way of life. And India, China or Mexico, which are agricultural and primitive, have not built up a way of life preferable to the hardships we endure in our mechanical, industrial civilization.

Grievous as have been the maladjustments we have suffered, no other rival civilization offers anything more desirable. Yet this fact has not and should not blind us to the opportunities we have to improve our own ways of managing our affairs.

This depression has differed from all others in the depth of the solicitude felt generally for those out of work. In every previous experience the unemployed have been regarded with fear and disapproval. At last we have learned that idleness generally is involuntary and that the unemployed are victims of our social order and not menaces to our civilization.

So there is arising an unprecedented determination to undertake those changes and reforms which will tend to prevent unemployment and to support in self-respect those involuntarily without work because we have not learned how to keep everybody busy all of the time.

This change in our point of view, this great growth of compassion for the unfortunate, the spontaneous outpouring of charity on a national scale, are signs of strength and of maturity. Our social order is so strong that we have the courage to make the needed changes.

In our larger relationships with the world we have moved forward. The stupid laws which have handicapped us and made life more difficult for our neighbors are largely the heritages of prejudice now fading. It is obvious that the hardships of the past two years have taught us more about the intimate relationship between our prosperity and the well-being of other nations than we ever previously knew.

When President Hoover made his appeal for a moratorium last summer his position was approved by the leaders of all parties. Everybody realized that an insolvent Germany was a menace to the United States.

Business is being rebuilt. From the efforts and thinking of myriads it will emerge. When it has come we shall know better how to retain it.

Certainly at no previous period in our history have more men and women been concentrating thought and energy upon our common problems. Never before has more trained ability, more inventive capacity or more good will been available. We have the mind and we have the will to do whatever is necessary to bring prosperity and security to our country.

When the time of reconstruction is past we shall certainly be soberer and probably wiser than we were a few years ago. The American standard of living will rise to new heights because mass production inevitably requires mass consumption. Wages will rise because expanding business must have customers. We have learned how to produce enough for everybody and we shall learn how to use and consume what we produce.

As we fully emerge we shall carry with us into the new era a fresh respect for work and for thrift. Gambling in expectation of profits will appear less glamorous. We shall build houses and insure them against destruction and we shall also discover ways of insuring our jobs and our incomes against possible lean years.

Better days are ahead.

The Good Old Days

IN THE issue dated October 10, 1857, Harper's Weekly published these curious opinions:

"It is a gloomy moment in history. Not for many years—not in the lifetime of most men who read this paper—has there been so much grave and deep apprehension; never has the future seemed so incalculable as at this time. In our own country there is universal commercial prostration and panic, and thousands of our poorest fellow-citizens are turned out against the approaching winter without employment, and without the prospect of it.

"In France the political cauldron seethes and bubbles with uncertainty; Russia hangs, as usual, like a cloud, dark and silent upon the horizon of Europe; while all the energies, resources and influences of the British Empire are sorely tried, and are yet to be tried more sorely, in coping with the vast and deadly Indian insurrection and with its disturbed relations in China.

"It is a solemn moment and no man can feel an indifference (which, happily, no man pretends to feel) in the issue of events.

"Of our own troubles no one can see the end. They are, fortunately, as yet mainly commercial; and if we are only to lose money, and by painful poverty to be taught wisdom—the wisdom of honor, of faith, of sympathy and of charity—no man need seriously despair. And yet the very haste to be rich, which is the occasion of this widespread calamity, has also tended to destroy the moral forces with which we are to resist and subdue the calamity.

"Good Friends—Let our conduct prove that the call comes to men who have large hearts, however narrowed their homes may be; who have open hands, however empty their purses. In time of peril we have nothing but manhood, strong in its faith in God, to rely upon; and whoever shows himself truly a God-fearing man now, by helping however he can, will be as blessed and beloved as a great light in darkness."

History does not repeat itself but pessimists have not learned much new during these last seventy-four years.

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Why does everybody rely on LISTERINE WHEN AN EPIDEMIC HITS TOWN?

they know THEY CAN DEPEND ON ITS RESULTS

It takes a time of real danger to establish the value of a mouthwash, in the eyes of the public.

And surveys show that when a town is hit by an epidemic, whether of cold, sore throat, or influenza, the sales of questionable mouthwashes go down, *while those of Listerine go up.*

In other words, people lose faith in new, untried mouthwashes when health is involved and real germ-killing action in an antiseptic is vital. They dare not gamble.

Tested by Experts

For your own protection, always use Listerine, the *safe* antiseptic. Behind it lie fifty years of use in the hands of bacteriologists, nurses, physicians, surgeons, dentists, and the public. Its action is *known*. Its results can be *definitely predicted*. There is no *uncertainty* about either its germicidal power or its safety.

Kills germs in fastest time

Listerine, used full strength, kills germs in the fastest time that can be measured. It reduces bacteria in the mouth 98%. Any claims of faster killing time or greater reduction power are without fact.

Listerine's germicidal action as well as its safety are corroborated by The Lancet of London, foremost medical journal of the world. No higher compliment can be paid.

For Colds—certain results

In the prevention and treatment of the common cold, Listerine, under tests, shows results approached by no other mouthwash.

For example: When gargled twice a day, it showed power to reduce the number of colds at least 50%, often 66%.

Medical supervisors also found, in a series of tests, that when Listerine users *did* contract colds, the colds were one-fourth as severe and lasted one-third as long.

Safety is most important

Such results are made possible because Listerine is *safe* in action. That is, it does not injure the tissue while killing germs.

Mouthwashes so harsh they must be diluted before they dare be used, *may* and often *do* irritate the tissue. Instead of driving germs out, they help them to gain entrance to the body through the irritation they set up.

Don't take a chance

For that reason we say to you—choose your mouthwash carefully. Unless you do you may encourage infection instead of fighting it. The evidence of the majority of world medical authorities is on the side of Listerine. Ask for Listerine at your druggist's—*and see that you get it.* Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

REDUCES NUMBER OF COLDS 66%

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THE LANCET of LONDON
greatest of medical journals, says:

"The antiseptic (Listerine) has been proved to be perfectly safe for use in all the body cavities.

"The actual number of micro-organisms killed in 15 seconds by the undiluted antiseptic exceeds that claimed by the manufacturers; over 600 millions were found to be killed in the time limit compared with the 200 millions mentioned by the makers."

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Edmund Lowe

Who can forget **Edmund Lowe** as "Sergeant Quirt" in **"What Price Glory?"** That mighty role made Eddie famous in filmland—and he's more than held his own in a long line of talkie triumphs. We hope you saw him in "The Spider." And be sure to see him in the Fox thriller, **"The Cisco Kid."**

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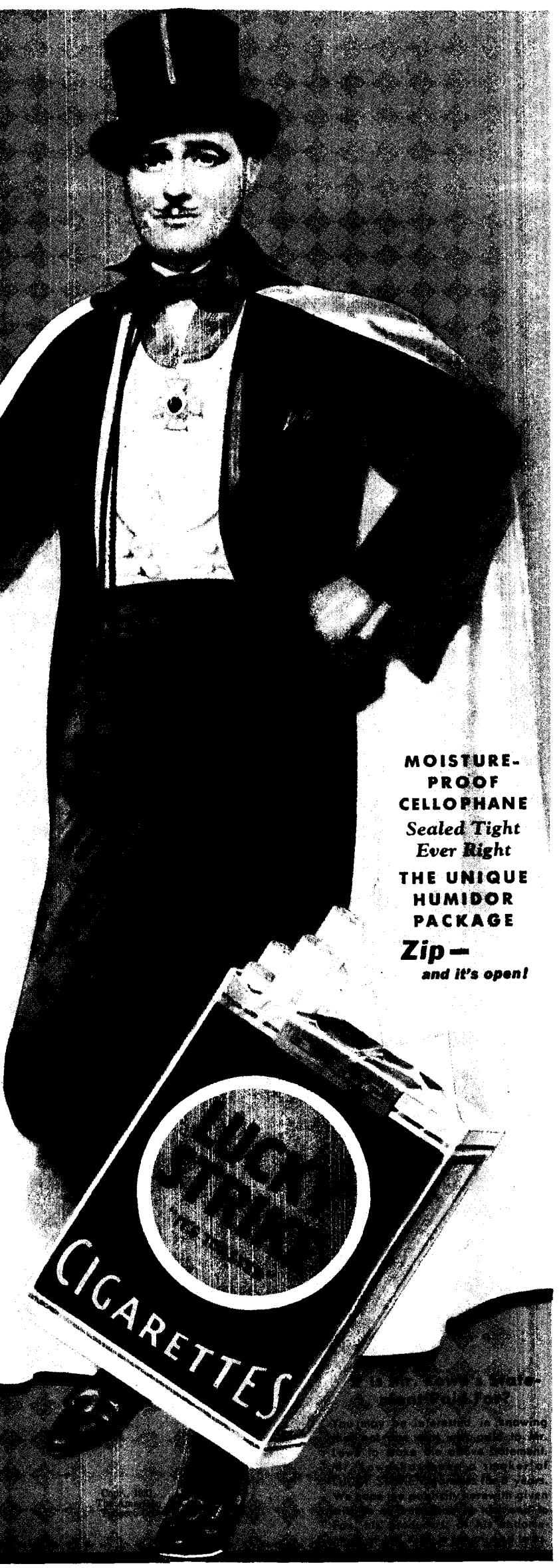

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